CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVII NO. 39. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1919. 5 CENTS A COPY.

A Million in Yellow Bars

By Elmer Lloyd Terrill

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. XLVII. SEPT. 27, 1919. NO. 39.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.50 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for eight months, six months 75 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.45 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

GENTLE JABS.

Cannibals and politicians live off other people.

The patch is likely to come off in a patched up quarrel.

But the mother always has an excuse for the juvenile terror.

Every married man is in favor of a heavy tax on bachelors.

Matrimony has cured many an old bachelor of selfishness.

Our idea of a wise girl is one who can't sing and knows it.

When in need of a good line of talk, patronize a telephone company.

If a young man means half he says during courtship the girl is lucky.

Our idea of a hopeless liar is a person who says he never makes mistakes.

And the green grocer is in a position to acquire a lot of ripe experience.

If people were given all they pray for the world would have to be enlarged.

Honesty between husbands and wives is the best insurance against divorce.

Many a man climbs the ladder of fame only to be rewarded with a good hard fall.

Some men worry because they have no work and some others worry because they have.

Some contrary people would rather have a pint of trouble than a bushel of happiness.

To the youth in love whose salary is $9 a week an ice cream sign looks like a nightmare.

Never is the weather so bad that the oldest inhabitants can't remember when it was worse.

After reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" a school girl imagines she is a born elocutionist.

It takes a hustler to distinguish the difference between an obstacle and a hindrance in his path.

A man seldom realizes what a cold world this is until his creditors begin making it hot for him.

It is almost as easy to pick the wrong woman for a wife as it is to pick the wrong horse in a race.

No man can tell what two women really think of each other by their actions when they are together.

There's much to be said on both sides when a woman attempts to write a letter on a single sheet of paper.

It is never safe to judge a woman's courage by the way she manages to avoid an interview with a mouse.

The man who comes out best in a personal encounter with a cyclone never again speaks of "trifles light as air."

A man should devote at least half of his time to minding his own business and the remainder to letting others alone.

Ye Editor "Walt Mason's" His Grievance

The Editor comes in to work.
The clock says 8 A. M.
He sits him down, and quip and quirk
Ooze forth. Upon the stem

Of his old pipe he chews and bites.
Another idea strikes.
On his machine he pounds and writes.
His words o'erflow their dikes.

But, at the height of his fine talk,
The morning fun begins.
Ye Ed, the world conspires to balk;
Ye Devil grins and grins.

The office boy comes first of all:
"Some letters I shall mail?"
The typist lets a pastepot fall.
A man begins to nail

A board upon the neighboring roof.
His hammer clefts the air.
A blacksmith pounds on equine hoof
Across the street from where

Ye Ed in desperation sweats
To hold his ideas tight.
An artist comes; he hunts and gets
A pen he left last night.

An author, one arm full of scripts,
Steps in and asks a reading.
He shuffles 'round and licks his lips,
Ye Ed's work quite unheeding.

It takes some time this gink to move,
But peace and calm return.
Ye Ed drops back into his groove
At once. He tries to learn

Where he broke off; but hopeless quite,
A long procession starts:

A gink with pipe must have a light—
The Ad. man comes; forgot his charts—

The pressroom foreman wants to know
What date "Lone Scout" will carry—
"Is such a thing known as a White Crow?"
From Blade Ed comes the query.

Affairs calm down; then Andre Bowles
Comes in with next week's Art.
On top of that the mail girl doles
The editor his part

Of 40 letters, short and long.
Replies must go by noon.
Something on "make-up" then goes wrong;
"Come quick!" Thus goes the tune.

L'ENVOI:

If all the men who daily stop
Ye Editor's mental loom,
Married the women who daily pop
In and out of his private room

And the children from that union great
In one vast space were forced to stay,
We'd have another American State,
Called Ledgermania, U. S. A.

The Editor.

The Creator of Keeneyes

Something About J. Breckenridge Ellis

BY HIMSELF

WHEN I was a child I was in despair at finding that my companions could without effort or painful searching find four-leaf clovers along the roadside—which everybody knows bring all sorts of good luck—the clovers, I mean. I was in my twenties and had never in my life met with this blessed experience, yet it seemed to me that if anybody needed a good streak of luck it was J. B. E. One day I determined to overcome this handicap. I went to the college campus, where there was an enormous bed of white clover; I began at one edge of it, and I went over that field plant by plant till at last I had my reward. A four-leaf clover suddenly waved before my eyes and nestled in my hand, the first my eyes had ever beheld not gathered or pointed out by somebody else.

When I was a child, earlier than I can remember, I began writing stories, and when 15, wrote in my diary: "June 6—This day I have decided to be a literary gentleman"—meaning that that was to be my definite life work. Then I began sending manuscripts to papers and magazines. I expected many a morning to open my eyes and find myself famous; but I couldn't see any four-leaf clovers. I made up my mind from the beginning to try for every literary prize offered, to send to every magazine and publisher of note, to neglect no opportunity that seemed to offer, no matter how slight. I made for myself this motto: "Never give up while there's a chance to fail." Chances to fail were so plentiful that I never had a breathing space for giving up. When I was 24 the Louisville Courier Journal accepted a mystery story, the first of my writings for which I received pay. It was 160,000 words long, and prizes were offered to those guessing closest to the solution in the final chapter. The one coming nearest received a $1,000 piano. The story was run in about twenty installments. It was so well received that in later years I learned that a baby had been named in honor of its hero, and for this story I received $35.

Instead of retiring on my income, I kept right on with stories, poems, book manuscripts, everything that is done with a pen, and when I was 28, my next literary triumph was a Bible story, published in book form. It brought me a few dollars. Then appeared my novel in New York City, "Shem." But its publishers went into bankruptcy and my royalties came to $1.43. But I kept right on with my motto, laboriously searching the clover field for what others seemed to find with a blink of their eyes at the edges of any sidewalk. When I was 32 my first novel to be issued with illustrations came out, and when I was 41 I beheld my first to be adorned with pictures in colors by a famous artist.

I am not superstitious, but I think it a good plan to count to a certain number—no matter what number—before making a jump, because you know when you reach that number, that you're going. For instance, before getting out of bed in the winter time I used always to count up to "twelve," and at "twelve" the covers had to fly. Well, my twelfth novel was published in 1912. Its name was "Fran" and it proved to be the best seller in the United States. I was then 42. When made into a photoplay under the name "Love Hunger" (Lillian Walker) I received more for the book rights than for any of my other books sold to the movies. There was certainly something for me in counting twelve.

I have now had twenty-three books published and am expecting to add to the list shortly. The shelf is crowded that holds my works. Many of them are illustrated. After twelve years of unceasing endeavor, the first was accepted for publication. If I had given up after eleven lean, hard years, that bookshelf would now be bare. My happiest days in my literary career were when my mother opened my first published book and discovered that it was dedicated to her; it pleased her; and when my father brought home the letter that told me I was to have three books published all in the same year, one in Philadelphia, one in New York, one in Chicago; and the day I took my mother the letter telling us that "Fran" was the best-selling book in America.

I do not tell these things to laud myself, but to seek to persuade those who may be discouraged to keep on trying, trying. The little I have accomplished is mentioned solely to point out that eternal persistence must have its way. And it is worth the price. My first serial in the Chicago Ledger appeared in 1904. In all, twenty-five serials have been run in this magazine, all but two of them dealing with "Keeneyes the Detective." Just think of that! One million words written and printed about Keeneyes, and my readers still willing to hear a few words more!

A Slow Process.

MRS. BROWN was at the back of the church waiting to have her baby christened. Baby was getting restless, so she beckoned the verger.

"Is the sermon nearly finished?" she whispered.

"No, mum," replied the verger, "another half-hour of it yet. He's only on his 'lastly.'"

"But," said Mrs. Brown, "will it take him half an hour to get thru his 'lastly'?"

"No, mum," was the demure reply, "but there's the 'one more word and I'm done,' and the 'finally,' and the 'in conclusion' to come yet. Don't be impatient."

Spoiled It All.

THEY had been dining in state in the dining car. Husband, who is a teacher of English, was glad that little daughter had behaved so perfectly. Mother, also, was in a happy frame of mind. There were numerous other diners in the car and the parents were proud of their child. Not a single thing had happened to mar the serenity of the occasion.

Finally the meal was over and they started to leave the car. Their way took them past all of the other tables. Suddenly the little girl felt impelled to ask a question.

"Mother," she called in a shrill voice, "aren't we going to wash the dishes?"

A Discourse on Affection.

"DEAR ORACLE," writeth a seeker after INFORMATION, "why do a couple of NEWLYWEDS always make a SHOW of themselves in public? Why do they make such a CONFECTIONARY display of their love for each other when there are others about?"

My brother, the WAYS of a man and a wife art devious and peculiar. Yea, verily, tho they may be throwing BRICKBATS at each other in the privacy of their HOME SWEET HOME and epithets which would make the hair of a BAD MAN curl, yet will they "darling" and "dearie" each other when they have an audience, and wilt indulge in all the SWEET frivolities that are the APPETIZERS of LOVE.

And WHYFOR, thou asketh. Because they art trying to make an IMPRESSION. Whyfor, thou demandest further, should they go out of their BEATEN PATHS to throw kisses at one another across the dinner table and make thee NAUSEOUS? Because they wish thee to see how good-natured they art.

If thou art not IMPRESSED, who shalt say it was THEIR fault? For they do their UTTERMOST to create an atmosphere of perfect BLISS surrounding them, and thou art an INGRATE—or worse—not to appreciate their HISTRIONIC efforts.

ONCE, there wert a man who got along with his BETTER HALF much after the manner of two STRANGE bulldogs in a cabbage patch—only WORSE. But he didst go out of his WAY—before others—to make himself appear an amiable, AFFECTIONATE househusband. Whenever his wife didst have COMPANY at the house, when she didst entertain her SEWING CIRCLE, then didst he come home EARLY and there, before TWELVE interested spectators he didst kiss her lover-like and with fervor.

AND whilst the other women wept and gnashed their TEETH to think about the indifference of their own SPOUSES and ENVIED the lady her lot in LIFE, he were laughing up his SLEEVE at them. For he KNEW how much it embarrassed his wife—he could tell it by her BLUSH—to have him make such a SHOW of her.

So, tho some COUPLES kiss because they cannot HELP themselves, others kiss to make thee REALIZE what thou art MISSING, which, if the TRUTH were known, is not such a great DEAL. I have spoken. Farewell.

Higher Education.

"YOU and I missed a lot in our younger days by not going to a university, Maggie," said the prosperous building contractor as he settled back in his easy chair and lit a pipe.

"How's that?" asked his wife.

"Well, take our daughter Lucy. She's got Jim over here tonight, helping her prepare for an exam in one o' them newfangled studies—sociology, they call it."

"What's that got to do with you and me?"

"I'm getting to that. Remember how I used to sit on your front porch for hours at a time, too bashful to say a word?"

"I do that," said his wife, emphatically. "Many a time I told mother I thought you would never speak."

"Well, if we'd been going to college it would 'a' been a wonderful aid. As I came in Lucy and Jim were discussing whether it'd be better for a husband and wife to have the same or different opinions about things."

"The idea," said the contractor's wife. Why——"

"Wait a minute," said her lesser half. "They're not engaged—yet. That's just a question in sociology. Lucy told me so. And there are others just as interesting for a couple o' lovers. 'Why is the home necessary in society?' Can't you see what wonderful opportunities the university has for a tongue-tied suitor? 'Is early marriage to be commended?' Why, all the things the lad's been dreaming about, and wondering if he dared sound the girl on, he can bring up in a casual sort o' way and call it studying sociology."

"I never heard of such goings-on," said his wife tartly. "If that's what you're paying out your good money for, you'd better take the girl out o' college now." The contractor shook his head.

"Be it bashfulness and a front porch or sociology as a study, it all comes to the same thing when there's a man and a girl mixed up in it," he said. "'Tis not for me to interfere. But, as I was saying, old girl, you and I missed a lot o' things by not going to the university."

"I guess we did," agreed his wife.

He Owns Up.

"Where are you going, son?"

"Going to call on a party down the street."

"I don't like the use of that word 'party.' If you are going to see a gentleman, say so."

"Well, dad, I'm going to see a girl."

A Million in Yellow Bars

By ELMER LLOYD TERRILL

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"OUT there, lad, under them white caps, is a million dollars in gold. Its laid there now nigh onto fifty years. Diamond City has grown into a fair-sized town now, but when them million dollars in gold went to the bottom from the decks of the Brother Jonathan, there wasn't so much as a stick of building timber on these shores."

The speaker was old George Fourty, introduced as founder of Diamond City, and its eldest citizen. His white hair hung in scraggly curls over his shoulders; but his face was tanned and swarthy, and his gray eyes sparkled with the vim of youth.

"I'd a-had them million in gold if I had the money to set out a trawler 'n seinin' rig, 'cause I know where it's at, and I know how to get it. But all I can do now is to tell some one else where it is, then ship out on the last cruise, knowin' that a good man was to reap the benefits of the treasure."

Old Fourty stopped to survey the younger man who sat at his side before the old seaman's cabin that overlooked Diamond City. His gaze was critical, and he seemed to be in deep thought. Bruce Hoffman waited.

"Young feller," continued Fourty after a momentary pause, "you seem to be a pretty good sort of man. You wouldn't make a good man to follow the sea—ye ain't built right, somehow. But just the same I like your cut.

"I've waited many a year for the right feller to come along an' help me take out that gold. But, somehow, it looked like the right man never come until you drifted in here this summer. Vacation you said you was on, eh? And up from Frisco?"

"Yes," assented Hoffman with a pleasant smile. "Dad said he thought I needed a little trip in the open, so I came up here. I like the quiet, the people here; and the weather is fine."

"Well, young man," said old George Fourty, tugging gently at his beard, all the time carefully eyeing his young friend. "I'm going to tell you where that million in gold is. I think you'll go after it. You've got money enough to rig out the proper craft. And I think I'll get to see some of them yelleh bars before I follow Davey Jones. I've waited long for that, lad," he added with a sigh.

Hoffman started to talk, but the old man checked him with a wave of his bronzed hand.

"I'm telling you, lad, the man that gets that money ain't going to have to work any more in his life. It'll come in handy to you an' yer children. Oh, ye ain't married, tho, are ye? But then some day you'll anchor to the right miss an' raise a nice school of young ones, I'll bet you."

Smoke curled lazily up thru the trees and hovered like a sea fog in the ravine above Diamond City. Down on the beach, small children frolicked in the sand, while their mothers busied themselves with their husband's nets.

"Now, if you'll listen I'll tell you the tale, lad," and old George Fourty cleared his voice. Hoffman turned from the peaceful scene down on the shore and looked attentively at the old seaman.

"I was young, something like you, when I first came to this shore with a shipmate. We built this here old cabin—the first one in Diamond City—and we made a livin' hunting and fishin'. It was drawin' near darkness one evening. Jess was cookin' coffee and a little snack, and I was setting on the porch cleaning my rifle.

"It was nice up here in this little canyon, but at its end, down there where them waves are beatin' on the shore, white caps rolled mountain high an' a mighty gale was blowin' due south.

"As I set there I looked out to sea an' I seen the Brother Jonathan. She was white, an' a side-wheeler, and she rode them waves like a duck. But I could see that she was having a tough time makin' it up the coast.

"I called to Jess. We both watched her. She was pitching like a young whale at a harpoon. Then all of a sudden an ungodly thing happened. I remember how my heart stopped beatin' for the minute. One of them monster waves swept the whole top deck, lifting the cabin off the ship and throwing it into the sea!

"It was right there at the end of this little glen. We could still see the ship before it went down. The settin' sun flashed across the water and we could see men clingin' to the riggin'. She went down about a mile out, I should reckon.

"Jess an' me had a little sloop, and we tried to put out after the wreck. But the gale was the hardest I ever seen on the old Pacific. It tore out the mast and threw the sea clear over our decks. We couldn't budge—let alone get out to where the Brother Jonathan went down.

"All night the storm raged, and the wind whistled thru the pines about the cabin. I laid awake and thought of them poor souls that went down with the good old ship that had weathered storm after storm on this coast.

"At daybreak I went down to the shore. Just a little ways out, clinging to a plank from the decks of the Brother Jonathan, was a man. I soon had him ashore. He said he was the first mate of the ill-fated steamer. And he told me of the gold.

"It was in a big iron safe, he said, a cool million in yelleh gold bars. They was taking it from Frisco to Vancouver. When the top deck left the Brother Jonathan that big safe slid down the open deck and tumbled into the sea." Old Fourty paused and mopped his perspiring brow with a blue bandanna handkerchief.

"But how are we going to get that million?" asked Hoffman, frowning thoughtfully. The million appealed to the young adventurer, all right, but in no wise could he reason a way for its recovery.

"It can be done with a little sloop and a drag," replied old Fourty with assurance. "It's a sure cinch that the iron safe and the million in gold lays right off the end of this glen, because it was right there that the Brother Jonathan went down.

"Jess an' me have dragged that bottom many a time. It's as smooth as a slantin' deck, an' runs for more than two miles right out to sea. Then it jumps off and the water is deep. So right on that smooth bottom o' hardpan lays the safe and the million in gold. And no fifty years o' washin' can cover it up or shift that big iron box from where it dropped on the hardpan." The old man's eyes gleamed with satisfaction and he looked to Hoffman for approval.

"It looks reasonable enough, all right," said the young man, "but how do you know that the safe is there? And how deep is the water where it fell into the sea?"

"Jess an' me ruined all our nets a tryin' to get that gold," said Fourty as his memory seemed to speed back over nearly fifty years to the scenes of their daring exploits off that now serene coast.

"We dragged that hardpan bottom many a time. But every time our nets would strike the iron box,

they would break. It was too heavy for the sea-eaten rope.

"We found that the water was only about thirteen fathoms deep there. And every time, for nearly a year after the Brother Jonathan went down, the ropes would come up with some black paint and rust on them. So we knew that we had dragged against the safe.

"For twenty years after that, Jess an' me would strike that safe when we was fishin'. We figured an' figured on how we could bring it to the shore. Then Jess died. I put him in the sand alongside the first mate of the Brother Jonathan. Then, bein' alone, I had to give up the idea of getting the million in gold."

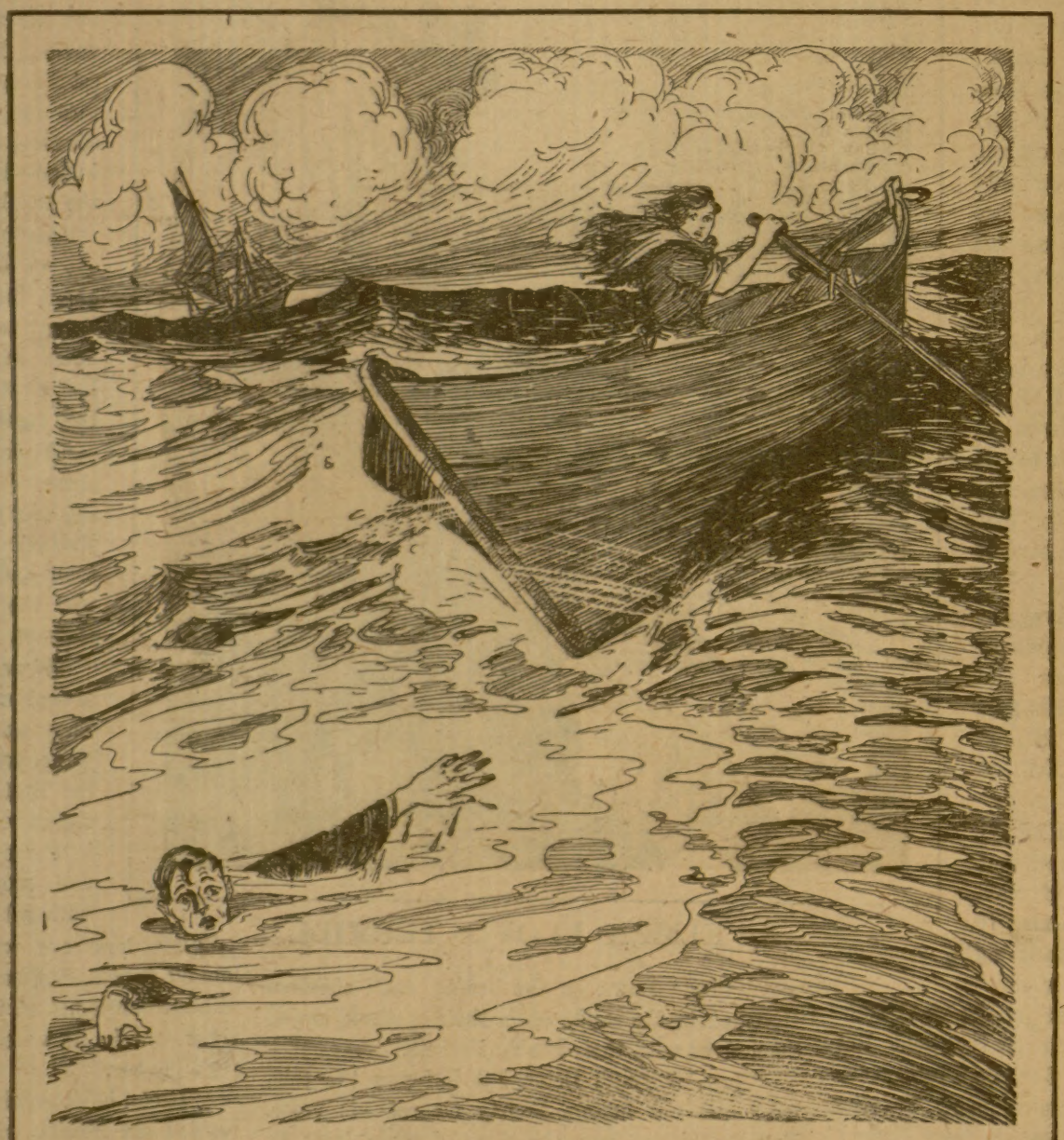
"How about my going after it?" exclaimed young Hoffman, now thoroly enthusiastic. "If she has laid there twenty years, she surely must be there now, and I don't suppose anybody's swiped it under your watchful eye, eh?" He laughed. "Now just what do we need?"

"Well," answered Fourty slowly, "it'll take a powerful sloop o' some kind and about four hundred feet of strong chain. Then the rest's easy. All you'll have to do is drag the hardpan bottom of the sea, hook the chain around the safe, an' snake it ashore."

PURSUANT to plans as outlined by the old man of the sea, Hoffman, after interesting his father in the exploit, returned to Diamond City late in the fall with a trim schooner. Chain, too, he brought—enough to encircle half the small settlement by the sea.

Old Fourty apparently was solely interested in getting the million in gold. Now that he had aid and saw a chance of dragging the huge iron box with its rich treasure ashore, nothing seemingly could alter his aims.

The day came for the small schooner to sail out on its odd quest. The fishermen that lined the shore for the occasion looked askance at the graying sky out to sea. Old George Fourty, bowed with age and lingering rheumatism, clambered ashore. Hoffman thought he saw the hopes of fifty years gleam in the old man's eyes as he stood on the sand and watched the trim schooner wheel, point her nose to sea and move off.



WITH ALMOST SUPERHUMAN ENDURANCE HE FOUGHT HIS WAY SHOREWARD.

Already the storm was gathering. Rolling black clouds, borne on the wings of a drenching mist, descended over the ocean like a pall. Hoffman's assistants, laboring at the canvas and halyard, glanced apprehensively overhead. As the small craft plunged on in the teeth of the howling wind, the sea churned into violent fury. The schooner shook from stem to stern, and rolled sickeningly in the angry waves.

On and on came the strong wind with increasing fury. A sixty mile sou-wester caught the main sail of Hoffman's ship and, with a crash and shriek, tore it from the boom and into the swirling waters. Young Hoffman, the excitement of adventure now replaced with a growing fear of the chopping, dashing sea, clung with both hands to the rail.

"We're listin'," shouted a voice at his elbow.

It was one of the older youths whom he had taken on his adventuresome trip. He presented a sorry spectacle as he gripped a rope that dangled from the mast, his hat gone and a torrential rain pouring upon him.

"We can't move, sir," he continued, his voice raised high to vie with the thundering roar beneath and aloft. "What shall we do, sir?"

"We've got to go!" cried Hoffman, pointing to sea. "There's a million out there, men—a million in gold. Make the damn thing go!" His voice rasped.

Stumbling blindly across the deck to where his fellows stood huddled together in the lee of the cabin, the youth transmitted Hoffman's orders. From where he stood on the bow deck that rose mountain high on the mighty breakers, the young adventurer could see the fisher lads hesitate. At that moment the schooner lurched sidewise and lay in the trough of the sea. It was helpless. Tons of inky brine fell unmercifully upon her decks. She maintained her list. The hold was filling.

"To hell with him! I'm not crazy. I'll not go out any farther!" The angry words, borne thru the flooding rain and wind to Hoffman's ears, indicated the attitude of his crew. For a moment, he forgot his peril. Fury seethed within him.

"Man that mizzen mast, I tell you!" he bellowed.

But not one of the half dozen young men moved. Defiance marked their weather-beaten features.

Half running, half crawling and sliding, Bruce Hoffman started for them. All the ire of his young years battled for release. Into the group he plunged headlong, slugging, kicking, yelling. Blow for blow he exchanged with his mutinous crew, but it was an uneven battle. The salty sea burned his eyes; his untrained muscles remonstrated.

Bleeding and almost breathless, Hoffman fought on. Two of the husky fishermen held his legs, one mounted his back; the others jabbed, kicked and bit. Then, raising him into the icy wind, they flung him bodily over the rail, into the howling sea.

Gamely Hoffman struggled against the waters. He was tossed from wave to wave. But with almost superhuman endurance, he fought his way shoreward.

But the battle soon began to tell on his strength. Each stroke felt like his last. His long auburn locks lashed into his eyes, and hung over his face, beating him into blindness. Finally, he lay still on the bosom of the sea.

THEN strong hands gripped him by the shoulder and determinedly tugged him aboard a small dory. How long he lay in the bottom of that small craft before consciousness returned to him, he did not know. But the sight he saw when his red, smarting eyes first opened, thrilled him, awed him.

There bending laboriously at the oars that impelled the tossing, jerking boat toward the shore that loomed just faintly in the distance, was a mere girl. The wind frolicked with her long, silken hair; her pretty eyes and round, ruddy face registered the effort she put forth to her task. The adventurer from 'Frisco did not move nor speak when the girl smiled at him. After his dreadful experience aboard the schooner, his losing battle with the sea, the scene seemed unreal—impossible. He stared questioningly—stupidly—at the girl's face.

"Didn't you know you'd git wet if you got in that water?" she said smilingly. "It's better swimmin' over nigh the shore."

Her voice rang out upon the boisterous air like silver chimes, and the note of merriment that tinged each phrase warmed Hoffman. He smiled faintly, as she laughed at him.

"It's a good thing that I come along, ain't it?" she chided him playfully. "The fish might o' got yuh!"

Hoffman rose painfully to his elbow from the bottom of the fishy boat, admiration for the beauty and superior strength of the girl filling his thoughts.

"I ought to thank you, but I hardly know how," he started. "You see, it was real nice of——"

"Oh, don't let that worry you none," the girl reponded. "If I didn't like you a mighty lot, I wouldn't o' picked you out o' the water!"

She looked him full in the face as she spoke. Her boldness surprised him. He had never seen her before, but he chose to disregard her remark and be of some assistance. Slowly he crawled on hands and knees to the oar-davits.

"Better let me help you," he offered, placing a hand on a swinging oar.

"Um—uh," the smiling girl objected, "you're all in and you need a rest." And gently she shoved him back with her bare feet to the bottom of the dory.

The girl was brave, he mused, to face such a maddened sea that day. What brought her out from the sheltering cove at Diamond City into the menacing deep where no other vessel dared venture, puzzled him. Finally he asked:

"What are you doing out here in this sea today? Don't you know that a little boat like this might be swamped?"

"I was follerin' yuh," the girl said simply.

"Following me? What for, pray tell?"

"I thought you might get hurt—or something."

"But what do you care if I get hurt? I don't know you. Who are you, anyway?"

"Bess—Bess Long. My father fishes over there," and she let go the oar for a moment to point off the shoals south of Diamond City.

The girl seemed amused at the look of bewilderment on Hoffman's face.

"You didn't know that I've been watchin' you ever since you come to Diamond City, didja?" Bess smiled. "I was scared to speak to you. You looked so citified that I thought you might laugh at me."

For a moment she hung her head. "But now I don't care," she resumed. "I got this chance to help you out, an' now you got to talk to me, an' you daren't laugh, either!"

Hoffman was silent.

"I watched you when you brought the schooner to this cove," she rattled on, watching him furtively, "an' I heard that you was goin' out after some fool thing with it——"

"Fool thing!" burst out Hoffman. "I don't see that a million in gold is much of a 'fool thing'."

"There, now, I just knew you'd be angry at me,"

(Continued on Page 16.)

The TUSKER

BY LEE M. ROBERTS.

What Has Gone Before

SENT to the Hudson Bay region to examine land in which his uncle is interested

RICHARD CANNING, a young student of chemistry, who yearns for adventure, meets on his journey

ALPHONSE LAVELLE, a French-Canadian trapper, and the latter's companions,

OCTAVE MARAT and **GEORGES REBEAU.** The trappers direct him to the home of

GASPARD DELCASSE, a trader who lives in the region Canning is to explore. Canning meets

CECILE DELCASSE, Gaspard's daughter. Soon after Richard's arrival at the Delcasse home an evil-appearing wanderer giving the name of

BILL HINES appears. He tells a tale of shipwreck, but is so vague as to details as to arouse suspicions. He falls into a drunken stupor. On awakening Hines talks mysteriously of "heathen shipmates and poison." The name "Mati" falls from his lips during a drunken reverie. Canning takes the half-crazed sailor with him on the surveying trip. They discover a cave, also a skull, that reawakens Hines' fear of "haunts." On the way back Hines marks the trees with his knife. After their return Hines, thinking Canning asleep, takes from his sea bag a small carved elephant, which he hastily replaces. Again drinking heavily, he begs Canning to be on the watch for a seafaring man who wears a steel hook for a right hand. As they talk a strange face is seen at the window. Hines is thrown into a paroxysm of terror.

This story began in No. 37 of the Chicago Ledger, dated Sept. 13. Back copies may be obtained thru this office, our agents or newsdealers.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS SHIP.

ON THE next morning, the weather being fine and beautiful, all my nervousness of the previous night disappeared and I felt a disposition to laugh off the strange occurrences thru which I had passed. I have noticed that bright daylight rarely fails to restore flagging courage and on this occasion I felt a sense of shame for having shivered not a little bit over what I now hoped had been a piece of sheer imagination. I recalled all of the stories I had read wherein stark faces pressed against window panes had not failed to frighten me half out of my wits and I suspected that I had been the victim of a situation converted out of fiction.

I had left Bill Hines sleeping fitfully and in a state of collapse in the great chair before the dying embers in the fireplace; so I went to see how he was getting on. But the chair was empty and the embers only cold ashes. Bill had shambled off to his retreat in the store room and now he was sleeping under a pile of blankets. I found him in a fever and I knew him to be a very sick man. The shock of the night had been too much for him; the face at the window was a reality to him.

I determined to say nothing of the affair to Delcasse or Cecile; it would mean only sleepless nights and ceaseless anxiety. So at breakfast I tried to be as merry as possible while telling my host and hostess that Bill need arouse no worry for he was a very ill sailor.

"If I thought it would be of any use," I said, "I'd make a tour along the shore in the hope of discovering something that might help us out of the difficulty. It is possible that Hines is the victim of a shipwreck that has cast away others."

"It would be dangerous for you," said Cecile. And even this small concern made my heart beat faster.

"Not at all," I said. "So long as I am sure there will be no harm come to you. And I don't think Hines can cause trouble; he is really ill."

"Maybe," said old Gaspard, "there is somewan in Bleak Bay wot weel know sometheeng."

"Bleak Bay?" I asked. "Is that a settlement?"

"Not really a settlement," said Cecile. "There are a few Eskimo huts; some of the Eskimos come that far south in summer. Then there is also a trapper, or there may be several of them now. They are half-breed Indians. It isn't a pretty place. And the people there are half savage."

"I think I ought to go," I said. "Some of Hines' friends may have strayed there."

There were many protests, but I was keen for the trip; so keen, in fact, that I at once began preparing for the journey. It was a matter of fifty miles along the broken coast line, but I believed I could make it in one day even tho I was not an expert with the paddle. Of course, I had to take chances with inshore storms, but on a lee shore I felt sure of success. Cecile helped me make a pack and early the next morning I made the start.

IT WAS a long and wearisome journey. But I kept plodding away until late evening when I was rewarded by a sight of a few miserable huts stuck along the shore of a little cove. I had arrived at Bleak Bay. I did not enter the settlement that night but made camp without a fire. Early dawn found me reconnoitering the vicinity. On drawing near I could make out a couple of men who seemed to be dressed in civilized garb and from these I concluded that even tho they be half-breeds I could afford to talk to them. My arrival created some excitement in the little collection of hovels and I soon was the center of a group of Eskimos, perhaps not more than a dozen, all clad in the most evil smelling of clothing, partly of furs and partly of cloth garments. I made it my business to tell who I was and where I had come from and also to fetch out some tobacco by way of cementing friendship; for I was determined to take no chances with people who might not be overstocked in the arts of civilization. We had arrived on some sort of a conventional basis, using broken English and signs as a means of conveying our thoughts when one of the trappers wheeled about and shouted:

"A sheep," he cried. I followed his outstretched arm and there, surely enough, in the middle distance of the bay, was a broken masted barque, making for the cove.

It was as if my arrival in Bleak Bay had been timed for this proceeding and, had I known it then, my immediate companions were of the same opinion. This I learned later from one of the half-breeds.

The greatest excitement prevailed among the natives and the trappers. After the first shout there was a silence. I could understand this for a ship does not appear in Hudson Bay more than once a year, and only then in the fur stations to collect the year's take and immediately sail away again. Thus so strange a sight as a ship in this forlorn district filled the Eskimos with the deepest wonderment and they stool gaping, lost to all other interests.

Nearer and nearer the barque approached and then we saw the anchor go overboard. A few moments later a boat dropped into the water and then two pairs of oars flashed in the sun. We stood on the beach awaiting the arrival of the sailors. When they were within range of our eyes and I was able to see their faces and their dress I blinked with surprise. They were white men, but their raiment was almost identical with that of the unfortunate Bill Hines. Almost to a man they had about their heads the same bandanna handkerchiefs in the fashion of pirates. Each wore a huge belt with a knife thrust therein. And they were a most disorderly looking lot. In the stern sat a man who evidently was the captain, for he was giving orders in an authoritative tone. At first I could only hear his voice, but could not distinguish the words. Then I caught a whole sentence as he shouted it.

"'Vast there, Tanner, easy," he said. And I noticed that his voice was not unpleasing, having a tone that was soft almost to gentleness, but yet with a certain ring to it that admitted of no argument.

Tanner evidently was one of the oarsmen, for he lay on his oar and scowled as if he did not relish the command of the other. Now I glanced from the crew of the boat toward the ship which had come about in the slight trough of the sea. With a great deal of difficulty I could make out the letters on her side. It seemed to me that the letters could not have been made by any sort of craftsman, for they were roughly made and not in the best of alignment. And then, when I presently spelled the words out one by one, I was due for another shock. I distinctly made out these words: "Joly Rogger."

I stood staring at this bewildering device and wondering if my eyes deceived me and if it were possible in this day and age of the world for buccaneers to be roving the deep, when the man I had heard called Tanner burst out into the wild chantey I already had heard from the bearded lips of Bill Hines:

We'll rig a plank to th' stabbord rail:
Sing ho, for Cap'n Kidd—
A knife an' a gun an' a spanking gale—
Sing ho for Cap'n Kidd.

One or two of the others joined in with Tanner as he sang, but they all abruptly ceased on a second rendition of the song when the voice of the leader roared out.

"Here, you, Jap Tanner," came the voice, "'vast on that racket. Mind your business and you'll have better fortune, I'll be bound."

Tanner cast him an evil look. The boat was almost on the beach now.

"And harkee, Mr. Tanner," said the man in the stern with great evenness, "save them sarcastic looks for them as likes them. There'll be less hard feelings and sweeter dispositions among gentlemen of the sea if unpleasant looks is kept at home."

One more shove of an oar and the bottom of the boat crunched on the sand.

"Run her up, gentlemen," came the voice of the leader. "You, Tom Gant, and you, Jake Markle, out with your feet in the blue there and run her up."

The two men designated leaped out of the boat on opposite sides and ran her nose well up out of the water. And now I could view them at my leisure. Each face wore a crop of stubble several days old. Shirts were open at the neck displaying breasts that were, like Bill Hines', overgrown with hair. The landing was accomplished with a good deal of cursing.

"What's next, Peaceful Henry?" said the man called Tom Gant, looking toward the one who exercised rule over

"Do You Know What I Am Going to Do? I'm A-going to See That You Don't Start Any More Mutinies."

these untoward persons. I looked with him. The person called Peaceful Henry stood up and took a step forward in the boat. He was a large, raw-boned tho well-muscled man, one whom it would be very dangerous to threaten, I thought, and his countenance was nothing less than ferocious to see.

"Look around you," said he. "See if there's any grub to be had."

As he said this he held up his right arm and pointed in the direction of the Eskimo huts. He had no right hand. In the place of it I saw a steel hook.

CHAPTER IX.

"PEACEFUL HENRY."

INSTANTLY there came back to me the aimless maunderings of Bill Hines; how he had insisted with the most painful emphasis upon describing a fierce man with an iron hook for a hand. I now was aware that something more than a dream was responsible in Bill's mind for the apparition he had delineated for me during that howling night in the Delcasse house.

The man called Peaceful Henry was a good six feet in his stockings and as I viewed him I could not help admiring the brawny muscles of his good arm and the depth of his chest. He seemed to have his attention everywhere at once. He was constantly talking to the men, always in a smooth, kindly voice but yet a voice that had just a little bite in it, and never omitting the slightest detail of what he was about.

I stood for a long time curiously observing this surprising arrival. Neither Peaceful Henry nor any of his men seemed to heed me at first so I was left in silence to observe their carrying on. I had good opportunity to see the strange ship, too, and observe that she had evidently passed thru some heavy weather. Her three masts had been cut away, but there was a great deal of wreckage strewn about as I could see. I pondered for a time over the rude lettering which named the ship as the Joly Rogger, an evident misspelling of Jolly Rodger which in olden days so unmistakably was the token of the pirates that sailed the Spanish Main. The fantastic dress of the sailors and the name of the ship only suggested to me a playful deviation on the part of men whose troubles had driven them to peculiar pranks by way of killing time, and yet the uncouth and violent demeanor of those very men indicated nothing playful. In the midst of these cogitations, I heard the pleasant voice of Peaceful Henry.

"I take it," he said, "you can understand a white man's talk?"

I turned and found Henry almost at my side. "Yes, sir," I said. "My name is Canning. I'm a stranger in these parts."

"Why, now," he said, running his good hand across his perspiring brow, "that's a strange coincidence, after a manner of speaking. For we're all strangers here. And a strange place it is, to be sure."

"Yes," said I, "I hardly expected to find any white men about."

"Correct again," said Peaceful Henry. "It's hardly a place to find white men in, to be sure. So saying I'll introduce myself as Henry Peace, seafaring gentleman and master of that barque which you may see lying at anchor there. Most times I'm called Peaceful Henry, which is, in a manner of speaking, a tribute to my peaceful habits of mind and a desire to hold a prayerful attitude toward the works of the Lord at all times and places. Do you live round here?"

"Yes and no," I said. "I am stopping with a fur trader a little down the shore."

After I had seen the character of the men from the Joly Rogger I deemed it best to say nothing of my real errand. The whole affair seemed so incomprehensible that I suppose I couldn't quite believe my own eyes and ears at the moment. At all events I didn't believe I could do Bill Hines much of a turn by reciting his troubles until I learned more about the sailors.

"Well, now," said Peaceful Henry, "that's very comfortable, indeed, isn't it? Snugged up on a lee shore and what more could a gentleman ask? You'd much prefer to be snugged up on a lee shore than a-running before gales, wouldn't you?"

"I can't say as to that, sir," I replied. "I've never had any experience on the sea."

"Of course not, sir," he agreed. "But, Mr. Canning, there's dangers both at sea and ashore and the best we can do is to labor as best we may and put our trust in Heaven. That's my way of thinking, Mr. Canning; put my trust in Heaven and do the best I can."

He said this with such a deal of reverence and solemnity that I was on the point of believing him a most religious man. But somehow his face, which was by far the most repellant and unwholesome I had ever looked upon, save only that of Bill Hines himself, kept me from entirely taking for granted the saintliness he professed.

"Now as for me and my command, Mr. Canning," Peaceful Henry went on, "I'll admit that we're a bit seedy from long voyaging against the contrary winds. I suppose there's some wonderment in your head, sir, about the manner in which seafaring men happen to be blowed into this strange quarter?"

I perceived that he was an exceedingly tactful and diplomatic person for all his seeming honesty and so I took good care not to express any more concern than was necessary; and yet I knew that he expected some curiosity out of me, knowing I was well aware that his craft had small business in Hudson Bay.

"Well, Mr. Peace," said I, "I suppose the ocean storms occasionally play strange tricks on ships."

"Ay, that they do," he replied quickly. "That they do. Many a ship has set out from Bedford with a course laid as pretty as a dotted line only to be blowed away where no kind of dead reckoning could ever fetch her out again."

"Then you're out of Bedford."

He fixed me sharply with his glance. "Did I say Bedford, Mr. Cannning?" he asked, with a laugh. "Well, that were only a figure of speech, in a manner of speaking. A-sailing out of Bedford was only said so as to give an idea, like. No, we didn't come out of Bedford, but an entirely different port, as you might say. I shouldn't want to carry the name of Peaceful Henry, which is a sort of reverence to my kindly habits, if I didn't tell the exact truth, and you may lay to that."

At this moment a hubub arose among the men. Many had been skirmishing round about the huts of the Eskimos and on returning to a spot near their boat they fell into a squabble that bade fair to result in violence. One of the men drew his knife and brandished it dangerously near another's face. As quick as a wink Peaceful Henry shot away from me and in the next I observed him in a mood that was far different from any that his gentle demeanor might have suggested. With the utmost dexterity he thrust forth his steel hook and caught the armed man in the back of his collar and jerked him backwards; and as he did so he felled him with a single blow of his fist. Then he stood over him with that ugly, vicious face of his and calmly surveyed him.

"Losing of your temper, ain't you, Ranse Lynch?" said he, in the same gentle tone he had employed before. "Losin of your temper, ain't you? Is that any way for a gentleman to act toward another gentleman? A-drawing of a knife and a-threatening to do violence? Do you know what I intend to do to you if you don't leave off them dangerous practices? Well, I allow to break your head so as it will stay broke; and I'll tear you into little pieces so as you will know that other gentlemen are able to do violence."

Lynch staggered to his feet and wiped a flow of blood with his sleeve. Then, without a word, he retired behind his fellows and sheathed his knife. Meanwhile, the others stood sullenly about and I could see their hands twitch as of they itched to lay hold of their knives. Peaceful Henry turned his back on them and returned to me.

"Gentlemen of the sea is apt to lose their tempers and grow very insolent when they've been cooped up aboard of a ship for a long time," he said very gently. "A skipper is like to have to admonish them, in a manner of speaking, as a fond and doting parent when they's a ruction among the children. Ay, Mr. Canning, there's a deal of trouble in the life of a man given to reading of the Good Book and observing the words of the prophets."

I told him I supposed that life aboard ship was apt to grow irksome.

"Harkee, Mr. Canning," he said, "they's truth to that. Now, I am a yearner after the Gospel and the Holy Writ and I don't take no stock in them what preaches about heathen superstitions. And yet when superstitions takes a-hold of seafaring men I doubt if there's greater work for truthful followers after the Writ than to subdue such things. As for me, I trust in the Writ to protect me against pagans and their works."

I scrutinized Henry upon this for he was falling into the same rambling talk of heathens and mysterious things as Bill Hines. I had a great desire to be off.

"Heathens," continued Peaceful Henry, "is not to be trusted. Whenever they is a heathen about you may be sure there is sin a-doing. Because I'll tell you, Mr. Canning, that pagans puts their faith in poisons and idols and in the shadows that comes at nights. So you says to me that seafaring gentleman gets agitated aboard of a ship: and they do that. For ain't our very crew had the terrible misfortune of losing a loving comrade?"

From time to time he had cast glances over his shoulder at the men by the boat. Now I saw some of the Eskimos fetching down smoked fish and other food and the men sat down in the sand and began eating. Evidently this was reassuring to Peaceful Henry for he, too, sat down and motioned me to do the same. He drew out a vile pipe and filled it.

"Yes, sir," he said, in all calmness, as he found his tobacco burning well, "we had that very grave misfortune of losing a loving comrade. He was, as you might say, one of the lovingest on board. He was a great comfort to us all, and I might say that a-losing of him has put the men in a very bad humor."

"Lost during a storm?" I inquired.

"Well, and you might say yes to that," he replied, puffing away solemnly. "For it was a nasty night, at least shortly after. You see, this loving comrade and seafaring gentleman was a victim of them superstitions that I speak of. And when a seafaring man loses his trust in the Writs and takes to fearing of heathen idols there's apt to be trouble. I don't s'pose, Mr. Canning, that word has been had in these part about a seafaring man which has been lost overboard of his ship?"

"Well, now," said I, before I could collect my thoughts, "I wonder if that could be Bill Hines?"

Peaceful Henry leaped to his feet and stared at me. The look of astonishment on his face was such as to render that expanse of stubble and hideousness almost unbelievable.

"Did you say Bill Hines?" he demanded, shortly. Then he controlled himself hastily and put on a more composed air. "I couldn't help but be excited and surprised," he said. "Mr. Canning, you gave me a distinct start. Would you mind saying that name again?"

He resumed his place on the sand before me. "I asked," said I, "if it is possible that Bill Hines is the man you lost?"

"I always said it," he cried, wagging his head. "Ay, I always said it; always said that Holy Writ will fetch a man out of trouble and lead him in the way he should go. Mr. Canning, like a gentleman, I ask you to excuse my feelings. But being as I am a man of the Gospel I couldn't hide my emotions when you mentioned the name of that loving comrade and shipmet—Bill Hines. Where did you see him, eh, Mr. Canning? Could you tell Peaceful Henry where you saw the loving shipmet, William Hines, Esquire?"

He leaned far over until his distorted features were close to my face. His one hand shook out of very eagerness, I thought, and the steel hook was thrust into the sand, where it jerked to and fro.

"He was washed ashore from a shipwreck, I believe, Mr. Henry," I said, a little perplexed in my choice of his names.

"Mr. Peace," he said, "but I am called Peaceful Henry, because I take to the Writs and Gospels. Washed ashore from a shipwreck, you say, eh, Mr. Canning? Washed ashore from a shipwreck? A unhappy fate, dear me. And is he safe?"

I tried to guard myself from too close a questioning. "The last time I saw him he was still alive," I said.

Henry's eyes widened in apprehension. "Still alive?" he said, hastily. "Was there danger to the loving shipmet's health? Do you s'pose there's a danger of the honest William Hines a-dying? Could you lead Peaceful Henry to the side of his shipwrecked comrade?"

"I should think he will be recovering," I said. "He spoke of putting off to the south, where he would be by way of finding a railroad."

"He did, did he?" The words snapped from Peaceful Henry's lips. Instantly he composed himself. "Was he starting on his journey, eh, Mr. Canning? Do you think our loving shipmet has started?"

"Well, as to that I couldn't say," I replied. "He came ashore in a jolly boat and spoke of making the trip up the river and then walking the remainder of the distance to the railroad. It would be a very dangerous trip without friends and guides."

"Would he be lost, think you?"

"Very easily so," I said. "He could be lost in some part of the forest and never found."

"But you don't think, Mr. Canning, you don't think he has started, do you?" he said, leaning toward me anxiously. "Do you really, Mr. Canning?"

I was on the point of answering in the negative when a shout and angry growl came from the men seated about the prow of the beached boat. Then I saw them advance toward us. One of the men, Jap Tanner, clutched his knife in his hand.

CHAPTER X.

THE MEETING.

IT WAS such a wild stage setting and filled with such strange and unexpected characters, this nook in Bleak Bay into which I had made my way, that every new turn of affairs kept me strictly on my guard; so I was more than apprehensive when I saw the rude crew start up in our direction. The few Eskimos resident in this squalid settlement had withdrawn to their huts and now peered forth upon the scene from their doorways. The sweep of sand was bare and exposed. The boat in which the sailors had come ashore rocked slowly to and fro in the wash of the gentle waves.

Out in the bay the Joly Rogger rose and fell in the swell. Peaceful Henry and I leaped to our feet and I stared at the men wonderingly. As I looked I saw the hindmost of them drain a flask to the dregs and cast it from him. Then it came over me that all had been drinking and that their recent brawl had been incited by the grog they drank. I glanced up at Peaceful Henry and perceived on his hideous face a most hateful grin. He was looking steadily down at the sand and occasionally squinting up as his companions drew nearer.

"Go aft, Mr. Canning," he said presently. His tone was as smooth and unguent as if he were about to serve tea. "Go aft and let me reason with the gentlemen."

I was not eager to remain in the vicinity, for I could see by the glowering faces of the men with the evil Jap Tanner at the head of them that for all the gentleness of Peaceful Henry's tone there would be little reason in what was about to come.

I walked backwards rather mechanically, being fascinated by what I saw. There had not been a word spoken, but there was in the demeanor of the men something that betokened violence and suppressed conflict. The weird garments of the crew, all in their red bandanna handkerchiefs knotted about their heads and their dirty and disheveled garb and their bestubbled faces, and the bleak silence of it all gave me a sensation that approached sheer numbness. I believe I was too young to have a cogent idea of what was passing; I could only stand open eyed and stare.

Peaceful Henry seemed not in the least disturbed. At first I conjectured this to be the result of fear; that he realized the futility of standing out against this ominous approach of the men. Then I wis disillusioned. When Jap Tanner, the leader, came within just a few feet of Peaceful Henry he halted. The men did likewise, all standing there glaring.

"Why, now," said Peaceful Henry, in his most gentle note, "I'll be blowed if this ain't a very handsome sight; gentlemen a-marching across the sand in such pretty fashion."

This disabused any idea I had entertained of fear in Henry's makeup. He was by far the most collected of those about him; and certainly more collected than I, who stood speechless.

"Perhaps," continued Peaceful Henry, "the gentlemen have come for a confab, as you might say; a sort of a genial conversation among gentlemen, now that all's shipshape and we're a-taking a bit of liberty ashore."

Still there was silence. I noticed that Tanner took a more firm grip on his knife. Then Peaceful Henry's attitude underwent a swift change. He leaned forward and thrust jaw forward with unescapable menacing.

"Out with it, Tanner," he snarled like a vicious dog.

One of the men behind Tanner, I later found his name was Steve Munro, poked Tanner from the rear and spoke in a low tone. Tanner now made answer.

"Mr. Peace," he said, very carefully, "we've been holding of a confab amongst us."

Henry threw back his head and laughed aloud. "Mister Peace, is it?" he cried, in his former mild voice. "Well, now that's very encouraging. Sort of holding a friendly little chat, was you? And what did you come to in your friendly little chat? What did you come to?"

"We took a vote," said Tanner.

"Why, now, that's very pretty," replied

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Battery of Riddles.

WHAT were the five words scratched on a tiny piece of brass worth not more than 10 cents, which caused an American business man, who had never seen it before in his life, to leave Chicago in twenty minutes?

What was the riddle of the Liao Keng Ru?

What was in the sealed wooden box that brought death and violence in its trail?

How did a blind beggar that tramped Tower square, Chicago, give out a clew that unraveled a mystery of international dimensions?

What was the message that was written on the white tiles of a Chicago chemical laboratory at nineteen minutes to 3?

How was a penniless American college student the key to a financial operation involving $200,000?

All these and many more baffling riddles come with surprise after surprise in the Ledger's big new story of next week, "The Box of Bewilderment," by Harry Stephen Keeler. If you wish to read a story that will grip you like a play replete with lights, actors and music, get the first installment without fail. October 4 is the day!

The Homecoming of Mickey

By Philip Duffield Stong

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PITTSVILLE was prepared to celebrate. Mickey Martin had had his leg shot off, and in fifteen minutes, according to schedule, the train would bring him back to the hearts of his countrymen—a decidedly novel route for that vehicle. The Pittsville band, except the B flat clarinet which did not feel artistically equal to the occasion, was prepared to burst forth into the "Marsellazy" — high school principal's pronunciation—the crowd bore the tricolor of the pioneers of democracy, and Dennis Martin bore—in a quite different sense of the word—a stiff collar, model of '96.

Dennis was the fly in Pittsville's ointment. Shaggy, straight, and cynical, he had waited with an amused and deliberately contemptuous smile on his face, since the crowd had started arriving. Dennis was Irish, and no one dared his tongue. There were rumors, too, that Dennis might make a scene, for it was known—or reported—that Mickey and Dennis were not on good terms, and the reception committee hardly knew what to expect from the old man, but expected it with apprehension.

If the heart of Dennis Martin had been as chill and forbidding as his face, Dennis would not have been at the station to meet his son; he would have been reposing beneath a flag with a gilt star on the end of it, and 576 cubic inches of rain-streaked marble, at the side of his wife in the Woodvale Cemetery.

The city marshal, chief of police, nightwatch, constable and central fire department were distinctly dissatisfied by the cold rigidity of the parent's face, and breathed threats of "running him in" if his attitude did not alter to suit the occasion. These exhalations were confined to persons not in Dennis' vicinity, however, and did not disturb his imperturbable chill.

"You don't suppose he feels the way he looks, do you?" Doc Lever asked the dignitary, "you know he's got to keep up appearances."

The appearance which Dennis was engaged in keeping up was one of long standing in the family. Since Mickey's mother, a sweet-faced little woman who exercised a rule of iron, had died, the father and son had been at liberty to obey the impulse of the Hibernian, who is fundamentally an actor.

Mickey had the black hair and heavy eyebrows of his father, the quizzical eyes, the heavy jaw. Outside the house he sometimes laughed at the scenes which had barely finished, but the old man was too much enveloped in his part to laugh. He was devoted to a King Lear role, and repeated dramatic variations on the serpent's tooth. The straight young son enacted the abused and intimidated son, deprived of his mother's protection, alone in the world with a cruel and selfish parent. There was as much ground for the one attitude as the other—Mickey was a little neglectful of the admonitions of the Pentateuch in his treatment of his father, and the old man, naturally sarcastic and cynical, shaggy and two fisted, but with the rough, kindly heart of his breed, did not exactly pamper his heir.

The dramatic trend, which is naturally the Celt's, had done the rest. It had all culminated one evening because of the boy's youthful lack of discretion. The two might have quarreled comfortably for years except for an injudicious remark of Mickey's. The old man had complained, in a more or less melancholy fashion, that the boy was bringing his gray hairs to their last rest.

"Why should I not? Ye drove me mother to her grave," Mickey had said.

He regretted it after he had said it, for it was neither veracious nor judicious—his mother had died suddenly of heart disease, and the immediate effect was that, after a startled, hurt look at his son, the old man's head sank upon his arm, and for a few moments he was quite still.

"Do ye really think that of me, Mickey?" he asked.

Mickey, ill at ease at this sudden descent of their quarrel to the plane of reality, did not reply, and the old man did not repeat the question. Mickey sullenly left the room for a certain haunt in the rear of the livery stable where his friends would be at this hour consuming a medical potion reputed to contain electricity. This was Pittsville's substitute for liquor. Mickey did not like Electric Bitters, but he felt it his dramatic duty to drown his sorrows in the conventional agent. At 1 o'clock he returned home singing, "Ireland must be Hades, for me feythor came from there," in a pronounced tone of voice. The Electric Bitters had short-circuited.

The next morning when he arose, rather the worse for wear, Mickey found a laconic note pinned to his packed valise. "I never want to see again the face of the ungrateful boy who insults his aged father." This eased Mickey's mind, for it put conditions back upon their old basis, so he wrote, "If I were not your son I should say that we were of a mind. As it is, I bear with me what little respect I can for an unnatural father." He was rather pleased with this; it was rounded, complete, artistic. It sustained its effect.

"This Is America, and Bad Cess to Ye, That Ye Ever Forgot It."

A FEW weeks later in the "city," a town of fifty thousand, a few miles away, he joined the Army and went to France with the first American troops—He had not intended to do this when he left—he only intended to wait until he could be reconciled to his father without violation of the dramatic unities, but things larger than Mickey caught him in the city and his plans underwent a change.

The father, who did not know of the boy's enlistment, spent his evenings after that in composing long letters of forgiveness, phrased in touching language, in which he alternately asked Mickey's forgiveness, and bestowed forgiveness upon him. These he never mailed. Mickey spent all his effort on one long letter, which he mailed shortly before he sailed. In this he forgave his father in a noble fashion, implored him not to forget his son, who was undoubtedly about to die, and remarked in closing that he and his mother would soon join each other in the gigantic task of trying to keep the soul of the head of the family from the flames of Purgatory.

Dennis was not at all reconciled by the closing implication, and he became a little more bitter, a little more cynical, and toiled more assiduously at his scanty acres, neglecting his single passionate enjoyment, which his son had approved in a patronizing fashion, of reading French novels and Shakespeare's plays. He enjoyed the novels, and the lines of Shakespeare furnished him a phraseology. Months passed without communication between father and son.

Then one morning a telegram came. "Mickey, all but one leg, coming home." Dennis was astonished and hurt by this message. It was such a splendid opportunity—Mickey might have blamed his father, or he might have referred, in perfect taste, histrionically, to his home as a haven, and his father as his natural protector. Instead of that, he referred quite unfeelingly to his accident, and far too succinctly to his return. He was commonplace, matter-of-fact. It was his English mother in him.

The Pittsville train was late, as usual. When it finally appeared up the track, the band was as much engrossed as any one in trying to see Mickey first, and much to the leader's humiliation the train was well around the curve when the flat notes of France's great hymn were blared forth more or less uncertainly. Then some one saw the homefarer and in the resultant commotion the band's puerile attempts were drowned, all except Sep Winters on the bass drum, who performed with heroic constancy on his chosen instrument.

The leader was badly disgruntled, but it was not for long, for he forgot his official position completely when Mickey hopped down the steps and put up his hand to assist a companion. She was slender, chic, with a mass of glorious black hair shading the tender depths of her dark eyes; she seemed like the peaceful spirit of the "Marsellazy," a Diana who had bartered her arrows for knitting needles. She bowed charmingly when Mickey introduced her to his father as his wife.

Denis had a speech prepared—a very brief, bitter speech, but he forgot it and simply said, "I'm glad to see ye home again, son, an' I'm pleased to meet ye, madam," flushing a little as the unfamiliar word limped from his lips.

Mickey laughed boyishly. "An' I'm sure glad to see you, dad. Celeste doesn't speak a word of English," and he turned to his wife. "He is delighted," he remarked clearly and distinctly, in French.

Pittsville babbled that he spoke it like a Frenchman, which was not quite true, and the women looked apprehensively at Celeste. Mary Dorrin, who had received (somewhat scornfully it is true) attentions from Mickey previous to his departure, found the visitor from Carbro she had gone to the train to meet and went home. There was an awkward pause while the chairman of the reception committee cleared his throat. ?

Old Dennis had recovered. "Your feythor's roof is waitin' for ye, if ye would rather go there than stay among strangers."

The whole burden of the old life seemed to drop upon Mickey's shoulders in crushing fashion with the old man's words. "All right, dad," he said, simply. "Come, sweetheart," he said to Celeste.

WHILE the chairman of the reception committee stood silent in horrified amazement, and the band-leader paused open-mouthed between two pages of music, Mickey climbed on the side bar of the buggy beside Celeste, and Dennis whipped up the horse. Pittsville gasped, sighed and went home to discuss Celeste. The multiple arm of the law increased the threats against Dennis.

"Ef it hadn't been his own boy, an' just gittin' home, I'd've run th' ol' repr'bate in! To spoil the homecomin' like that!" However, Chief of Police Johnson had better reasons, for not crossing swords with the stocky, vitriolic, little Irishman.

The trip home was made in silence. It was only a mile, but it seemed several times the distance to the gray old man, and to the boy who, having lived a drama and a tragedy, was compelled, it seemed, to resume the earlier farce. Celeste exclaimed at the beauty of the country, and belied Mickey's earlier words by exclaiming, "beautiful," at almost regular intervals, but so spontaneously that Dennis imagined her sincere, even tho he remembered the dissimulation of the heroines in the French novels. Celeste might indeed have been a heroine from Dumas.

His face set in what he fondly considered a stony expression when Celeste clapped her hands at sight of his humble little cottage. Mickey looked at him uneasily, and for a moment Celeste's ardor was cooled by the expression on the young man's face, but her temporary silence was followed by an even greater exuberance. Dennis unharnessed the horse, and Mickey limped painfully into the house.

"Me and me new leg ain't real close pals yet," he explained.

Supper was hot on the table: Dennis had bought it from one of the neighbor women before he left, and she had just brought it in. They ate in silence, Celeste tasting unfamiliar dishes curiously. Dennis' opinion of her fell when she refused fried onions.

After supper, they sat in the little parlor, and the evening threatened to be as dull as the meal had been. Dennis knew that it was impolite to smoke without the permission of Celeste, and he fidgeted. By and by, Mickey lit a cigarette.

Dennis gave a sigh of relief, and brought out a pipe which his father had evidently given him after receiving it from his father. He regarded the cigarette with distaste, however, altho it had done him a good turn.

"An' why ain't ye offerin' one to your wife?"

Mickey laughed and translated, when Celeste laughed, too. "Celeste doesn't smoke," he answered, "what put that in your head, Dad?"

"I was thinkin' all the French society women smoked."

"Celeste—a society woman!" Once more he translated, and Celeste grew quite red with laughter.

Dennis rose, apparently in a rage. "If ye have nothin' to say of the war, an' can only amuse yourselves by laughin' at your old Dad, 'tis himself that thinks he'll be retirin'."

"Wait a minute, Dad!"

"Wait!" the old man exclaimed bitterly, "an' if I have not waited God knows who has. I have waited for me boy to turn gentleman, an' I'm still waitin'. I've waited for him to show some little respect to his old father's gray hairs—I waited only to have him insult me. An' when he had gone from home to the wars, without, mark ye, breathin' a word to his Dad, I waited for him to come home—an' when he came——"

"Dad!" But Dennis had only come to his first period. Celeste looked on with frightened incomprehension.

"Yes, I waited, an' ye came back crippled an' married to a French woman. I've read of them an' 'tis little good ye hear of the craytures. 'Twas hard enough supportin' two of us, but the farm will not support three when one of them is an unwelcome guest. I would not be drivin' me own son out on the world—but I will not be made a mock of in my own house, by my own son, and a doll-faced woman called Cheelest."

Mickey broke in impatiently. "If ye are done insultin' my wife an' me I will tell ye some things. Celeste——"

"I have no wish to hear." And the old man stalked off to bed.

When he had shut the door Mickey turned to Celeste who was sitting with eyes, full of astonishment and tangible tears.

"It is I," she said quickly, before the boy could speak, "he is angry with me. What did I do? It is all so strange—I did not know——"

"It's all right, sweetheart, he is not angry with you——"

"He is, for he did not look at me while he spoke—he looked at the wall."

"He's—he doesn't mean—that is—." Mickey could neither fabricate nor explain in his wretched French, and he was afraid that he might complicate matters further by a mistake in words. He could not explain that his father

was only half serious, he hardly appreciated the status of affairs himself. In the woman's eyes, which had not left Dennis while he spoke, there was an uncertain judgment which she wished Mickey to corroborate.

"Is it that you are poor—and I——?"

"No—no——" Mickey answered so quickly that Celeste took it for granted that her guess was correct.

"Ah—if I had only stayed in France! It would have broken my heart—but how much better for you!"

"That's all right, little one, I'll explain it all some time, when you undersand—everything is all right."

Celeste shook her head and suddenly slumped down into her chair, sobbing. "If it were not all so strange."

"He doesn't mean it, dear, he's just—acting."

"Just—acting?"

"Yes; it's an old way he has—I've learned better, but dad—doesn't understand that the play is over——"

"He is not speaking from the heart?"

"No, he just says things—because they sound right."

"But why should he make us unhappy—and himself?"

"I only wish I knew how to tell him—without starting a quarrel in real earnest—but you don't understand."

Celeste smiled. "I believe I understand," she replied.

WHEN Mickey woke in the morning he smelled fried ham, and glorious visions of the typically American dish mingled curiously with a faint apprehension of his father's mood.

He found that his fears were justified, for his father met his "good morning" with a cold nod. Mickey shaved in a leisurely fashion while waiting for breakfast, and it was not for some time that he remembered Celeste.

"Celeste beat me up, I guess. Did you notice where she went, dad?"

"If I watch her comin's and goin's, I'm thinkin' it's a busy man I'll be."

Mickey frowned. "Don't forget she's my wife."

"I only wish I could."

Mickey went to the door and looked out. Down the long rows of corn he saw a little figure. "There she is, out to get the morning air," and he started to run to her in a stumbling fashion. He had taken only a few steps when he stopped and turned.

"Dad," he called.

Dennis came to the door.

"Do you see her, dad?"

"I have seen others that pleased my eyes more."

"Do you see what she's doing?"

Dennis shaded his eyes with his hands and looked intently. A curious look of surprise and embarrassment swept over his face.

"Why—she's hoein'——"

"I told her what you said last night—about the farm not keeping three," Mickey said grimly.

"Hoein' the corn—as if I had no cultivators——"

"I don't suppose she ever saw one in her life—they aren't advanced in their methods like we are down in the farming country she came from."

"Farming country?"

Mickey nodded. "Well, it's a good thing—if we all three work, maybe it won't be so hard."

Dennis looked at him scornfully. "I've heard that in them foreign countries they let women do the heavy work. This is America, and bad cess to ye that ye ever forget it across the ocean. Will you go bring her to breakfast or must I?"

"She would rather work than starve with a crippled husband."

"An' who the divvil said aught of starvin? Don't ye think I can keep ye? Ye big, awkward lummox that will let a plucky little colleen like that go an' work herself to death for ye in the fields like a man!"

"It will do her good—used to a gay life——"

"Used to a gay life—is it? Ye fool, don't ye know a treasure when ye've got one—her a workin' out there for ye, and ye a slanderin' her here—well, ye shan't mistreat her while there's one gentleman left on the place." Dennis jerked on his hat and hurried down the row, with Mickey trailing behind.

Celeste glanced up as they approached and leaned wearily on her hoe.

"Here, Cheleese," Dennis said, with considerable embarrassment, "ye mustn't do that—we'll get along without that."

Celeste said something to Mickey and turned to hoeing again.

"She says she must work to keep herself and me," Mickey translated queerly.

Dennis flushed to the roots of his hair. "Why, ye poor child," he said gently, "I can keep the two of ye children, what with Mickey's pension, and he'll soon be afther havin' a job. 'Tis not the kind of a man I am to let me son's wife work for her livin! Here, give me this an' let's go to breakfast." His arm fell about her shoulders in taking the hoe from her hands, and Mickey translated as rapidly as he could.

Suddenly Celeste hid her face in her hands and began to sob out incoherent words.

Dennis patted her head comfortingly. "There, don't cry, darlin! Ye'll feel better when ye've eaten."

"She says I didn't tell her the truth—I lied to her about you—that you are a very kind man, she is glad you are her father to take care of her." Mickey's tone was accusing.

Dennis became very red and walked to the house in silence. As they stepped on the porch he drew Mickey aside.

"Would ye—mind lettin' her think—for a while—at least—that ye are a bit of a liar—that ye—don't always tell the truth?" His eyes fell from his son's gaze.

And Dennis, looking up again, imagined that Mickey was winking at him!

Read This First

LONG after the great war is over **WALTER KEARNY,** Hazleton college athlete, is taunted with the charge that his father was a slacker. The fellow student fondest of thus baiting Kearny is

CLARENCE MILES, a rival athlete and candidate for a place on the track team. Kearny and his chum

FRANK BIGELOW notice freshly spaded earth on the field, which had been the site of an Army training camp. Called to their marks by

ALTON MURDOCK, the coach, the young men dismiss the subject from their minds. In the contests that ensue, witnessed by

SETH NORTON, a former Hazleton coach, and

ALICE MURDOCK, daughter of the present coach, the girl with whom Kearny is in love, Kearny beats Miles in the quarter-mile run, making record time. In the meantime

SORACCO, a magician, is planning to play a date in Circle City. His press agent,

ARTHUR BENSON, sees the college athletes at work and is startled when he sees Kearny, whose face seems familiar. He also hears a voice that sounds equally familiar and discovers that it belongs to

BILKY ANDREWS, a former assistant to Soracco. He is plotting with

NICK PARROTT concerning the coming inter-collegiate meet. Kearny and Bigelow watch for the digger who works only by moonlight. They see him but he runs when he discovers he is being watched. On the next day Benson happens to be at the track while Kearny is throwing the hammer and sees an old track boundary mark that is turned up from the turf by the heavy missile. Benson demands that Andrews let him see the old trophy for which the two colleges are to compete. Andrews, after much hedging, says

W. SINGLETON, a shyster lawyer, forced him to bring the trophy to his office. Benson goes to Singleton and gives him three minutes in which to produce the missing trophy. Benson later does some digging on his own account and finds what he is looking for. The next night comes the magician's show. Armed with facts procured in advance by the busy Benson

MME. RHEA, the "seeress," gives startling answers to questions. Kearny is selected to appear in one of the magician's illusions. He disappears. In the meantime, Kearny is warned by Benson of the plot to kidnap him. Kearny falls in with Benson's plan to outwit the plotters. Just as the meet is about to begin Soracco drives a big truck on the field and, to the astonishment and delight of all Hazleton supporters, Kearny steps out. The meet goes on and Kearny distinguishes himself. His performance is watched by Alice Murdock and

NEELY HAWKINS, a famous Hazleton athlete of a previous generation, who admits to her that he was the mysterious moonlight digger, looking for a message buried in the field by his wife while he was at war.

This absorbing serial began in No. 35, the Ledger dated August 30. Back copies may be obtained thru our agents, from this office or from newsdealers.

The SILVER SPIKE

BY CHARLES T. JORDAN

And the Parting of That Strand of Yarn Signified More Than Winning.

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CHAPTER XIII. (Continued).

MAIL FOR KEARNY.

"BY GEORGE!" Neely Hawkins exclaimed to Norton, the grizzled ex-coach, sitting on the other side of Alice. "He's a natural-born strategist—that Walter Kearny! See the way he's steering clear of any trickery on Brentwood's part? He's adopted the only safe course. He'll have further to go, but——"

Miss Murdock's eyes glowed as she listened to Hawkins' undisguised approval. She had watched Walter Kearny from the moment of his return from the weight field, in hopes that she might catch his eye. But she absolved him of all blame for not having looked once in her direction. She realized that her action of the evening before was responsible, and she half-divined that she had hurt him sorely. She noticed without interest Clarence Miles' appeal-for-pity glance of shame as he plodded past—a tail-ender. She felt that the dark-haired, light-complexioned quarter-miler was worthy of little else than contempt.

The seconds passed. The race was in its final stage. Tired, winded, obviously were the two tanned runners who were first to enter the home stretch.

"But they're traveling—even now!" remarked Norton to the old-time athlete he himself had trained.

"And Kearny's not a yard behind!" Hawkins indorsed the ex-coach's statement. "But he's had a longer journey to go, and I don't hardly think he can——"

They were nearing the grand stand, both running magnificently. Burgess' huge chest was heaving rapidly, painfully, to judge by his face. Kearny, spent — almost — white-cheeked, gasping for breath, certainly was not losing an inch. Their nearest competitors had just circuited the lower turn.

Remained but fifteen yards when Kearny loosed his final effort. A minute and a half later the tense bleacherites learned the result.

"Four hundred and forty-yard dash—A dead heat between Burgess, Brentwood, and Kearny, Hazelton; Henneberry, Brentwood, third. Time: Forty-seven and one-fifth seconds, breaking the Hazelton track record."

For several minutes pandemonium reigned. A look almost of happiness came into Neely Hawkins' melancholy face. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" he murmured. "Why, when I attended Hazelton 47-3 was considered the limit on anything but a straightaway course. And Kearny—he must have covered several feet more than the quarter! If he'd had the inner track——"

But Kearny knew nothing of this comment, nor of the tears that welled in the brown eyes of the girl sitting between the two old acquaintances. Nor was he aware of the anger, chagrin, that contorted the coarse face of the big criminal lawyer, Singleton, on the bleachers opposite.

Naturally elated, but exhausted, he made his way, as soon as he felt able to, to the spot where he had thrown off his sweater jacket. He donned it, and finished tearing open the envelope he took from its pocket. In some apprehension he drew forth the letter.

In a daze he read its astonishing contents and the inclosed newspaper clipping; in a daze he opened the parcel accompanying it. For three minutes he stood as tho petrified. Then, sensing the approach of some one, he thrust everything hurriedly into his pocket and glanced up to meet the shallow-looking eyes of his roommate, Frank Bigelow, fresh from a winning throw with the hand grenade.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOR THE CUP.

"NO BAD news, I hope?" the red-head queried.

"No, Frank," Kearny reassured him. "But big news—so big I haven't been able to digest it yet. The biggest surprise I ever received in my life. It means—but don't bother me now, Frank, please. I—I want time to think."

"But, Walt!" protested the shorter fellow. "I want to know a few things. I've been plumb daffy since last night! I want to know—but perhaps I'd better tell you about Alice Murdock first."

"Alice?" Kearny's hazel eyes clouded. For the last few minutes he had been able to avoid thinking of the trainer's daughter. "Alice? What about her?" His voice sounded strained.

"I saw in the theater last night," said Bigelow. "Something's wrong, Walt. Some one's queered you with her—I guess you know who? He must have told her something or other that's made her sore, because she——"

"I saw her in the theater, myself, Frank. And I can't make out——"

"You did? I didn't suspect it. I was

watching some one else. But she spoke to me after the show. She said your date with her tonight was canceled."

Kearny's tone didn't change. His eyes didn't brighten or dull. "I presume so," he said soberly.

"But about yourself," the diminutive red-head changed the subject. "Where have you been all the time? And how in Friday did you get from that cabinet into the trunk when Soracco fired his pistol? And where did you go when you got into that automobile outside the stage door? I've been on pins and needles since then. I didn't know what might have happened to you."

Despite his preoccupation, Kearny could not refrain from smiling. "Big," he said, "you ought to have realized that what you saw at the theater was only the trickery of a down to date wizard."

"But the whole thing was so darned impossible! Then, when I saw you light out in the machine——"

"You got my note, didn't you?"

"Ye-es. But——"

"Then you had nothing to worry about. What you need is an oculist, Frank. Your eyes played you all kinds of tricks last night. That's what a magician's business consists of—the ability to make liars of the five senses. And in your case, anyway, Soracco sure succeeded. But there! They're calling for hurdlers. You better toddle," he advised, to Bigelow's disgust.

THE quarter-hour passed, and with them the rival scores grew. By 4 o'clock it was evident that the outcome would be close. At half past 4 every event save the relay had been contested, and Kearny, glancing to the blackboard at the upper end of the track, became cognizant of the reason for the odd tension that had settled over the bleacherites. Brentwood had a two-point lead!

Then the realization came to him of how important this relay was to be. On its decision rested not alone the winning of today's tournament. It was far more important than that. Brentwood had taken the last two annual meets. If she repeated, Hazelton never again could compete for the Norton trophy. But if Hazelton could win, there still remained a chance, in the years to come, of permanently attaching the silver cup.

Kearny felt that, tho he could have no further hand in working for the desired end—owing to this being his last season—it would be a fine thing if he could help save the chance for future Hazelton athletes. It was in this spirit that he started across the field when the relay runners were summoned.

After two hours of tormenting uncertainty, Singleton, the Brentwood criminal lawyer, was gradually experiencing an easier frame of mind. When the broad jump—the final field event—was taken by an agile Brentwood leaper, and the valley college's score soared two points over that of Hazelton, all fear left him. Stretching forth his long legs, he remarked in a low voice, but quite affably, to Bilky Andrews: "We're on the safe side at last!"

Arthur Busy Benson had left them before the meet was half over.

Bilky's good eye looked solemnly at the lawyer. "You're sure?"

"Just as certain as I'm breathing, Bilky." He lowered his voice even more, for there were others sitting not far away. "Wait till the third lap in the relay. See what Miles does. He'll be pitted against Brentwood's second best man, so it won't look raw at all. It cost me fifty dollars, but——"

His pause was caused by what he saw taking place directly across the oval. Owing to the shortness of the track, each man of the relay squad had to cover a lap and a quarter. The start and finish of the entire race were one and the same line. The starter had already stepped behind the mark, and crouched before him were the rival first-lappers. It was sight of the dark-haired runner in Hazleton uniform that caused Singleton's thick lips to twitch.

"What in the devil, Bilky!" he muttered. "Miles told me he'd been given third lap, against Henneberry of Brentwood—and here he's taking the first!"

Bilky appeared to be interested, but he was uncommunicative. Somehow, the Brentwood caretaker didn't seem particularly concerned about the wind-up of the day.

"What ails you, Bilky?" snapped the shyster. "Can't you see that we both stand to lose real money if Miles doesn't play square with us? And he'll have a dickens of a time throwing this lap to Squires without rousing suspicion. For Miles can run rings around him, and every one in these parts knows it."

Bilky's good eye twinkled. "I don't stand to lose anything on it," he mused aloud.

"You don't——" The massive man beside him glanced at Andrews suspiciously. "What do you mean, Bilky—that you don't stand to lose?" he demanded.

"Oh," smiled Soracco's former employe, "I bet, and on Brentwood—for I'm loyal to the college that hires me. But I didn't bet on the meet as a whole. I only tackled the quarter-mile. That was a draw; so I'm nothing in and nothing out—and I'm glad of it. I'm sick of the crooked stuff. I'd like to see Brentwood take the relay and win the cup; but if she can't do it on the square—well, let her lose!" And to Singleton's dumfoundment the little man with the tattooed anchor on his wrist got up and started to leave.

"I'm done with you, Singleton," the cataract-eyed fellow added. "I've been thinking over that cup episode, and I'm beginning to doubt that it was stolen from you at all."

"Has Benson been spilling the beans?" roared the shyster.

"So you admit it?" Bilky managed to smile. "No; Benson didn't say anything to me about it. But you'll not cause me any more trouble. You see, I got caught when I carried the cup back to where it belonged last night. Naturally I had to explain. I didn't say anything about Miles or Kearny, but I told about it's having been in your possession for nearly a week. Instead of getting fired, I hold my job for telling the truth." And with a look of outraged virtue in his eye, he stamped away.

MILES' being shifted to first lap had been the direct result of a brief parley between Benson and Murdock the coach. "Do you think Miles is loyal enough to run on the relay at all?" the press agent had put a bug in the trainer's ear, shortly after leaving the west bleachers. Until Bilky Andrews had pointed Miles out in the quarter, Benson had not known that young man by name.

Tho Murdock evinced curiosity, Arthur Busy was very close-mouthed. But the hint was sufficient for the astute coach. He assigned Miles to an easier lap, the first one. Perhaps he frightened him with his veiled questioning, for when the gun had set them off Miles ran like a fox.

Even before the first turn was reached he had attained a lead of three yards. And he retained it all along the back stretch and up the opposite course of straightaway. In the final bit of going he increased his advantage and passed the baton to Peterson, his waiting teammate while his opponent was still five yards from the line.

If Miles had deliberately fallen back in the quarter-mile, he certainly had atoned for it. Even Benson was ready to admit that. The truth of the matter was, however, that Miles, even had he tried his utmost, would have been outclassed in that grueling four-forty.

Peterson held his own for three-quarters of the way; but gradually the Brentwood man took in the slack—all but a yard of it. The third leg of the journey was entered by Dalton, a stumpy, short-legged Hazelton runner, slowest man on the squad—and Henneberry, Brentwood's second-best.

Henneberry's legs were long, and in fifty yards he pulled abreast, a feat which certainly must have brightened the horizon of the disgruntled Singleton.

It was along the back stretch, tho, that Henneberry showed up to best advantage. Kearny, standing nervously at his mark, beside the redoubtable Burgess, watched the race with apprehension.

Burgess, big, cognizant of his own ability, but with a wholesome respect for Kearny's, turned to the tall Hazelton man as Henneberry forged ahead. "I'm afraid it's all off with you this time, youngster," he remarked with good-natured complacency. "You're a runner—a bear! But with the advantage old Henn's going to hand me——"

Kearny did not hear the rest. Unconsciously, and for the first time that afternoon, he had allowed his hazel eyes to rove to the east bleachers. On the topmost seat sat grizzled Norton, Alice Murdock and a gray-haired stranger—obviously not a stranger to Alice, tho, for she was speaking to him. And then Kearny realized that there was something vaguely familiar about this third person. But he was too far away to tell just what it was.

Suddenly Alice's eyes met his. Instantly she flashed her pennant toward him. Up went his arm in glad salute, a second before the crunch of cinders a little way behind called him, alert, to duty.

It was Henneberry. Dalton seemed miles behind to Kearny's eyes. In reality about eight yards of void lay between the two third-lappers. Henneberry passed his baton to Burgess, and Kearny seemed to live an hour before he received the other from his exhausted teammate.

Kearny realized to the full the handicap he worked under. He no longer had the freshness with which he had entered the quarter-mile. Neither had Burgess, for that matter, he mused, as he tore after the blond leader. But Burgess was his equal from a scratch start, and with eight yards' advantage to begin with—it was discouraging.

Kearny canceled that thought, tho, even before the Brentwood runner assaulted the north turn; for the past hour a new Kearny had been born. At the present moment Walter possessed information that was a powerful stimulant for thought. And who will not agree, in these enlightened days, that wholesome thought can and does affect favorably the mind's objectified concept—the human body?

(It will be recalled that, in 1837, a group of the world's most eminent physical scientists unanimously rejected the atomic theory as an absurdity, on the ground that it was inconceivable that the ultimate subdivision of matter, be it called atom, molecule or what not, if it really consisted of anything at all, could not be further subdivided. In its place they promulgated the newer theory, that all matter is merely the objectification of ideas of the human mind, deriving its apparent substance thru the offices of the five senses.)

Despite the earlier grueling contest, Kearny ran with a feeling of freeness he never before had experienced. Hitherto he had been in bondage to an idea—now his mentality was clear of the obsession. The special delivery letter had affected him thus. Not a thought did he waste on the possibility—the probability—of defeat. The very opposite guided his every stride. Nothing seemed impossible. Confidence, in its highest form, had assumed control.

Altho it was hardly apparent to the breathless onlookers, until both men were in the back stretch, Kearny was pulling up on Burgess, inch by inch. Halfway to the lower turn it became more apparent. Less than six yards separated the flying forms of the two on whose performance so much depended.

Burgess, himself confident enough, must have heard Kearny's nearing foot-beats, for he let out a tremendous spurt thirty yards from the turn. But the Hazelton senior was not to be denied. Like a flash his own pace quickened—covered an inch more of ground at each stride. Four yards apart they spun from the curve into the last stretch of straightaway.

And from that point on Kearny seemed to lose sense of the possession of a physical body. His legs, his heaving chest, the side that pained him—all apparently went numb. His mind alone—a mind filled with the exhilarating idea of freedom—seemed the source of the inexorable power that forced him ever nearer the stretched tape at the upper end of the course.

The bleacherites were on their feet, voices hoarsely shouting counsel—encouragement—pennants fluttering, feet stamping. But Kearny was hardly conscious of the demonstration. And he was barely conscious of the presence of three spectators who had plunged their way from the topmost seat down to the wire fence separating track and grand stand.

Certainly he did not see Alice, Norton and the stranger with his eyes; for they peered fixedly ahead. Nor did he hear with his ears the grayed companion of the girl and the old coach urging victory; for the firing of six blank shots by an over enthusiastic onlooker failed to stir him. But—very dimly—he was conscious of it all.

"Nerve! Sheer nerve!" chattered Neely Hawkins as the two sped toward the goal. "I know how he feels—oh, I know! He doesn't know he's running; he doesn't know he's alive! He——"

Ten yards from the tape the outward Kearny was abreast. It was the chest of the blue upper symbolizing Hazelton, and all that Hazelton stood for, that parted the strand of cotton spanning the track.

And the parting of that bit of yarn signified more than the mere winning of a race—more even than the retention of the silver trophy for future representatives of Hazelton to struggle for. At least it signified more than that to Kearny; for to him it meant the total wiping out of the past. No longer could he be branded a quitter by Miles and his crowd. For today Kearny was complete master of himself.

It was whispered that Kearny's time had been caught, unofficially as forty-six seconds flat. But individual relay laps are not entered in the record books under quarter-mile data.

When Kearny opened his eyes, and rose from the bench to which Bigelow had helped carry him, he beheld the gathering about Soracco's truck. As he and Frank neared it, Seth Norton handed the silver trophy to the slight woman seated in the chair on the platform—Madame Rhea.

A Maid There Was.

A maid there was in our town
Whose modesty was rare;
Of autumn trees she'd never speak
Because their limbs were bare.
When night its sable shadows threw
She'd tumble in a swoon
If curtain did not hide from view
The man up in the moon.
A plumber caused her death one day,
So the story goes—
By asking her in a careless way
To let him see her hose.

CHAPTER XV.

NOT AS PROGRAMED.

KEARNY, flushed, exhausted, yet buoyed by the spirit victory breeds, thrust his way to the foremost of the ranks that pressed close about the platform of Soracco the Seer. Right beside him, head uplifted, eagerness in his gray eyes, Kearny recognized the man who had sat opposite him in the theater—Norton's and Alice's companion on the bleachers.

Sitting in a low chair, Madame Rhea, her slight frame tense, save for an occasional tremor, eyes wide open, but seeming not to see, held the Norton cup by its stem in one white hand, and with the other's slender forefinger traced the outline of the picture engraved on one side of the trophy. Her eyelids quivered, her thin lips parted.

The words she spoke seemed not her own, but, rather, an isolated voice. "I see," Kearny heard, "a field of green—an oval field. About it runs a path of slate-colored cinders. Short, white posts dot its circumference at irregular intervals. I see one post of which this is a replica." Her finger paused at the left of the engraving's foreground.

"In the background," the strange voice continued, as Madame Rhea's finger traveled to the right of the engraving, "leans the black stump of an aged oak. And between the two—on a direct line joining the post and the stump—at the very point where this runner's right spiked shoe rests—I see—I see a tan bark-filled rectangle, evidently a jumping pit. This silver spike—the runner's right foot—stands exactly at its corner."

Without looking at the trophy, she was describing in detail the engraved picture its surface bore.

She continued: "It is moonlight. I seem to sense two figures approaching the spot—a young man and a young woman. They appear to be burying some small object at the very corner of the pit. Many months fly by. This time a single figure approaches the pit—the woman. She digs with a trowel, for the earth is soft. She seems worried, broken-hearted. She seems to carry a small metal box. In it is a letter, I think, and a photograph. She finds the little object she and her companion buried, and she drops it into the case, too. She places the metal case in the hole, and scoops earth over it.

"Another void—the passage of time. I see the green oval covered with fresh earth. I see hillocks, queer, many-angled ditches—I see a minute battlefield. I see a thousand student bayonets. I make out trenches, barbed-wire entanglements. The sport field has become a training camp. Yet, with all this turmoil, what lies beneath the buried corner of the pit by a miracle has not been disturbed.

"It is later. I see a peaceful, level field again. It turns green. But beneath it still lies the older field. I see beneath the surface. I locate the spot the silver spike indicates. I discard the older, lost landmarks; I utilize the newer ones.

"If one end of a cord, two hundred and ninety feet long, be tied at the gray post marking the southwest corner of the open field adjacent to this one; and if another, three hundred and seven feet long, be tied at the northwest corner post; and if each is stretched taut—where their free ends meet will indicate the exact spot where lies the corner of the sunken tan-bark pit. You who have digged in vain—go you and try once more."

The medium's hands seemed to grow limp; her body relaxed. The eyelids fluttered; the eyes brightened—lost their faraway look. Color mounted the pale cheeks. Madame Rhea apparently became conscious of her surroundings.

Walter turned again to the man on his left, the man whose name he did not know yet. Already Neely Hawkins was pressing his way out of the crowd. His mind almost a blank, Walter falteringly followed in his wake. An irresistible pressure seemed to shove him on. The words of the letter Bigelow had given him rang in his ears.

They reached the old field—scene of today's hammer-throwing contest—and, bewildered, Walter observed long lines already attached to the field's gray corner posts—lines already measured, already stretched—their points of juncture

(Continued on Page 20.)

Howland, Intrepid Engineer and Lover, Does and Dares in the Sixth Installment of

The Danger Trail

By James Oliver Curwood

Review of the Story

BECAUSE of mysterious accidents and threats,

JOHN HOWLAND, construction engineer, is sent to the far north to complete a railroad already begun by two engineers who are unwilling to continue. While awaiting the train to take him on the last lap of his journey, he meets

JEAN CROISSET, who shows keen interest when Howland explains his mission and mentions his name. Howland later is followed by a beautiful girl,

MELEESE, who, he believes, is a mute. While acting as her escort, he is attacked and beaten unconscious. Before lapsing into unconsciousness, he believes that he has heard the girl's voice. When he awakens, Jean is taking care of him and warns him not to go farther. This warning comes from Meleese, and the mention of her name gives Howland the idea that she has led him into ambush. Proceeding north with a half-breed guide,

JACKPINE, Howland meets one of the men whom he is to release,

GREGSON, who seems decidedly ill at ease and anxious to leave. Both Gregson and Howland see Meleese and Jean, and Howland receives another warning to turn back. Instead, he continues, and meets

THORNE, the other engineer who is going back home. Thorne seems like a ghost. That night Meleese comes to Howland's cabin. Howland confesses that he loves Meleese, who again warns him to return south. He makes a promise to do what is best for her, but not abandon his work. He meets

MAC DONALD, camp superintendent who invites him to witness the dynamiting of a mountain. Later, a message comes saying Mac Donald needs help. Howland hurries to the place mentioned. A hidden enemy fells him, and when he recovers his wits, he finds himself in the mountain with a mass of explosives around him, and a fuse burning toward him. He works himself free and hides his narrow escape from the men; then goes to keep an appointment with Meleese. Howland keeps his appointment with Meleese. Again she warns him to go away, but he refuses, declaring he will hunt down those who attempted his life. Altho she declares she loves him, Meleese gives the signal for his capture. Howland is overpowered. Jean takes him to the "House of the Red Death," but tells Howland he owes his life to Meleese. Howland is left there, a prisoner. He considers plans for overpowering Jean. Suddenly Jean returns. Jean and Howland fight, each in his own style. Finally a blow from Howland stretches Jean unconscious. With the game in his own hands, Howland bids Jean guide him to Meleese. They set out for the camp where Meleese lives.

This interesting serial began in No. 34, the Ledger dated August 23. Back copies may be obtained thru our agents, from this office or from newsdealers.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE GLEAM OF THE LIGHT.

JUST in a single breath the face of Jean Croisset became no more than a mask of what it had been. The taunting smile left his lips and a gray pallor spread over his face as he saw Howland's finger crooked firmly on the trigger of his revolver. In another instant there came the sound of a metallic snap.

"Damnation! An empty cartridge!" Howland exclaimed. "I forgot to load after those three shots at the cup. It's coming this time, Jean!"

Purposely he snapped the second empty cartridge.

"The great God!" gasped Jean. M'seur——"

From deep in the forest came again the baying of the Mackenzie hound. This time it was much nearer, and for a moment Howland's eyes left the Frenchman's terrified face as he turned his head to listen.

"They are coming!" exclaimed Croisset. "M'seur, I swear to——"

Again Howland's pistol covered his heart.

"Then it is even more necessary that I kill you," he said with frightful calmness. "I warned you that I would kill you if you led me into a trap, Croisset. The dogs are bushed. There is no way out of this but to fight—if there are people coming down the trail. Listen to that!"

This time, from still nearer, came the shout of a man, and then of another, followed by the huskies' sharp yelping as they started afresh on the trail. The flush of excitement that had come into Howland's face paled until he stood as white as the Frenchman. But it was not the whiteness of fear. His eyes were like blue steel flashing in the sunlight.

"There is nothing to do but fight," he repeated, even more calmly than before. "If we were a mile or two back there it could all happen as I planned it. But here——"

"They will hear the shots," cried Jean. "The post is no more than a gunshot beyond the forest, and there are plenty there who would come out to see what it means. Quick, M'seur—follow me! Possibly they are hunters going out to the traplines. If it comes to the worst——"

"What then?" demanded Howland.

"You can shoot me a little later," temporized the Frenchman with a show of his old coolness. "Mon Dieu, I am afraid of that gun, M'seur. I will get you out of this if I can. Will you give me the chance—or will you shoot?"

"I will shoot—if you fail," replied the engineer.

Barely were the words out of his mouth when Croisset sprang to the head of the dogs, seized the leader by his neck-trace and half dragged the team and sledge thru the thick bush that edged the trail. A dozen paces farther on the dense scrub opened into the clearer run of the low-hanging banskian thru which Jean started at a slow trot, with Howland a yard behind him, and the huskies following with human-like cleverness in the sinuous twistings of the trail which the Frenchman marked out for them. They had progressed not more than three hundred yards when there came to them for a third time the hallooing of a voice. With a sharp "hup, hup," and a low crack of his whip Jean stopped the dogs.

"The Virgin be praised, but that is luck!" he exclaimed. "They have turned off into another trail to the east, M'seur. If they had come on to that break in the bush where we dragged the sledge thru——" He shrugged his shoulders with a gasp of relief. "Sacre, they would not be fools enough to pass it without wondering!"

Before He Could Raise His Revolver, the Shadow Was Lightened by a Flash of Fire.

Howland had broken the breech of his revolver and was replacing the three empty cartridges with fresh ones.

"There will be no mistake next time," he said, holding out the weapon. "You were as near your death a few moments ago as ever before in your life, Croisset—and now for a little plain understanding between us. Until we stopped out there I had some faith in you. Now I have none. I regard you as my worst enemy, and tho you are deuced near to your friends I tell you that you were never in a tighter box in your life. If I fail in my mission here, you shall die. If others come along that trail before dark, and run us down, I will kill you. Unless you make it possible for me to see and talk with Meleese I will kill you. Your life hangs on my success; with my failure your death is as certain as the coming of night. I am going to put a bullet thru you at the slightest suspicion of treachery. Under the circumstances what do you propose to do?"

"I am glad that you changed your mind, M'seur, and I will not tempt you again. I will do the best that I can," said Jean. Thru a narrow break in the tops of the banskian pines a few feathery flakes of snow were falling, and Jean lifted his eyes to the slit of gray sky above them. "Within an hour it will be snowing heavily," he affirmed. "If they do not run across our trail by that time, M'seur, we shall be safe."

HE LED the way thru the forest again, more slowly and with greater caution than before, and whenever he looked over his shoulder he caught the dull gleam of Howland's revolver as it pointed at the hollow of his back.

"The devil, but you make me uncomfortable," he protested. "The hammer is up, too, M'seur!"

"Yes, it is up," said Howland grimly. "And it never leaves your back, Croisset. If the gun should go off accidentally it would bore a hole clean thru you."

Half an hour later the Frenchman halted where the banskians climbed the side of a sloping ridge.

"If you could trust me I would ask to go on ahead," whispered Jean. "This ridge shuts in the plain, M'seur, and just over the top of it is an old cabin which has been abandoned for many years. There is not one chance in a thousand of there being any one there, tho it is a good fox ridge at this season. From it you may see the light in Meleese's window at night.

He did not stop to watch the effect of his last words, but began picking his way up the ridge with the dogs tugging at his heels. At the top he swung sharply between two huge masses of snow-covered rock, and in the lee of the largest of these, almost entirely sheltered from the drifts piled up by easterly winds, they came suddenly on a small log hut. About it there were no signs of life. With unusual eagerness Jean scanned the surface of the snow, and when he saw that there was trail of neither man nor beast in the unbroken crust a look of relief came into his face.

"Mon Dieu, so far I have saved my hide," he grinned. "Now, M'seur, look for yourself and see if Jean Croisset has not kept his word!"

A dozen steps had taken him thru a screen of shrub to the opposite slope of the ridge. With outstretched arm he pointed down into the plain, and as Howland's eyes followed its direction he stood throbbing with sudden excitement. Less than a quarter of a mile away, sheltered in a dip of the plain, were three or four log buildings rising black and desolate out of the white waste. One of these buildings was a large structure similar to that in which Howland had been imprisoned, and as he looked a team and sledge appeared from behind one of the cabins and halted close to the wall of the large building. The driver was plainly visible, and to Howland's astonishment he suddenly began to ascend the side of this wall. For the moment Howland had not thought of a stair.

Jean's attitude drew his eyes. The Frenchman had thrust himself half out of the screening bushes and was staring thru the telescope of his hands. With an exclamation he turned quickly to the engineer.

"Look, M'seur! Do you see that man climbing the stair? I don't mind telling you that he is the one who hit you over the head on the trail, and also one of those who shut you up in the coyote. Those are his quarters at the post, and possibly he is going to see Meleese. If you were much of a shot you could settle a score or two from here, M'seur."

The figure had stopped, evidently on a platform midway up the side of the building. He stood for a moment as if scanning the plain between him and the mountain, then disappeared. Howland had not spoken a word, but every nerve in his body tingled strangely.

"You say Meleese—is there?" he questioned hesitatingly. "And he—who is that man, Croisset?"

Jean shrugged his shoulders and drew himself back into the bush, turning leisurely toward the old cabin.

"Non, M'seur, I will not tell you that," he protested. "I have brought you to this place. I have pointed out to you the stair that leads to the room where you will find Meleese. You may cut me into ribbons for the ravens, but I will tell you no more!"

Again the threatening fire leaped into Howland's eyes.

"I will trouble you to put your hands behind your back, Croisset," he commanded. "I am going to return a certain compliment of yours by tying your hands with this piece of babeesh, which you used on me. After that——"

"And after that, M'seur—" urged Jean, with a touch of the old taunt in his voice, and stopping with his back to the engineer and his hands behind him. "After that?"

"You will tell me all that I want to know," finished Howland, tightening the thong about his wrists.

HOWLAND led the way then to the cabin. The door was closed, but opened readily as he put his weight against it. The single room was lighted by a window thru which a mass of snow had drifted, and contained nothing more than a rude table built against one of the log walls, three supply boxes that had evidently been employed as stools, and a cracked and rust-eaten sheet-iron stove that had from all appearances long passed into disuse. He motioned the Frenchman to a seat at one end of the table. Without a word he then went outside, securely toggled the leading dog, and returning, closed the door and seated himself at the end of the table opposite Jean.

The light from the window fell full on Croisset's dark face and shone in a silvery streak along the top of Howland's revolver as the muzzle of it rested casually on a line with the other's breast. There was a menacing click as the engineer drew back the hammer.

"Now, my dear Jean, we're ready to begin the real game," he explained. "Here we are, high and dry, and down there—just far enough away to be out of hearing of this revolver when I shoot—are those we're going to play against. So far I've been completely in the dark. I know of no reason why I shouldn't go down there openly and be welcomed and given a good supper. And yet at the same time I know that my life wouldn't be worth a tinker's d—n if I did go down. You can clear up the whole business, and that's what you're going to do. When I understand why I am

scheduled to be murdered on sight I won't be handicapped as I now am. So go ahead and spiel. If you don't, I'll blow your head off."

Jean sat unflinching, his lips drawn tightly, his head set square and defiant.

"You may shoot, M'seur," he said quietly. "I have sworn on a cross of the Virgin to tell you no more than I have. You could not torture me into revealing what you ask."

Slowly Howland raised his revolver.

"Once more, Croisset—will you tell me?"

"Non, M'seur——"

A deafening explosion filled the little cabin. From the lobe of Jean's ear there ran a red trickle of blood. His face had gone deathly pale. But even as the bullet had stung him within an inch of his brain he had not flinched.

"Will you tell me, Croisset?"

This time the black pit of the engineer's revolver centered squarely between the Frenchman's eyes.

"Non, M'seur."

The eyes of the two men met over the blue steel. With a cry Howland slowly lowered his weapon.

"Good God, but you're a brave man, Jean Croisset!" he cried. "I'd sooner kill a dozen men that I know than you!"

He rose to his feet and went to the door. There was still but little snow in the air. To the north the horizon was growing black with the early approach of the northern night. With a nervous laugh he returned to Jean.

"Deuce take it if I don't feel like apologizing to you," he exclaimed. "Does your ear hurt?"

"No more than if I had scratched it with a thorn," returned Jean politely. "You are good with the pistol, M'seur."

"I would not profit by killing you—just now," mused Howland, seating himself again on the box and resting his chin in the palm of his hand as he looked across at the other. "But that's a pretty good intimation that I'm desperate and mean business, Croisset. We won't quarrel about things I've asked you. What I'm here for is to see Meleese. Now—how is that to happen?"

"For the life of me I don't know," replied Jean, as calmly as tho a bullet had not nipped the edge of his ear a moment before. "There is only one way I can see, M'seur, and that is to wait and watch from this mountain top until Meleese drives out her dogs. She has her own team, and in ordinary seasons frequently goes out alone or with one of the women at the post. Mon Dieu, she has had enough sledge-riding of late, and I doubt if she will find pleasure in her dogs for a long time."

"I had planned to use you," said Howland, "but I've lost faith in you. Honestly, Croisset, I believe you would stick me in the back almost as quickly as those murderers down there."

"Not in the back, M'seur," smiled the Frenchman, unmoved. "I have had opportunities to do that. Non, since that fight back there I do not believe that I want to kill you."

"But I would be a fool to trust you. Isn't that so?"

"Not if I gave you my word. That is something we do not break up here as you do down among the Wekusko people, and farther south."

"But you murder people for pastime—eh, my dear Jean?"

Croisset shrugged his shoulders without speaking.

"See here, Croisset," said Howland with sudden earnestness, "I'm almost tempted to take a chance with you. Will you go down to the post tonight, in some way gain access to Meleese, and give her a message from me?"

"And the message—what would it be?"

"It would bring Meleese up to this cabin—tonight."

"Are you sure, M'seur?"

"I am certain that it would. Will you go?"

"Non, M'sieur."

"The devil take you!" cried Howland angrily. "If I was not certain that I would need you later I'd garrote you where you sit."

He rose and went to the old stove. It was still capable of holding fire, and as it had grown too dark outside for the smoke to be observed from the post, he proceeded to prepare a supper of hot coffee and meat. Jean watched him in silence, and not until food and drink were on the table did the engineer himself break silence.

"Of course, I'm not going to feed you," he said curtly, "so I'll have to free your hands. But be careful."

He placed his revolver on the table beside him after he had freed Croisset.

"I might assassinate you with a fork!" chuckled the Frenchman softly, his black eyes laughing over his coffee cup. "I drink your health, M'seur, and wish you happiness!"

"You lie!" snapped Howland.

Jean lowered the cup without drinking.

"It's the truth, M'seur," he insisted. "Since that bee-utiful fight back there I can not help but wish you happiness. I drink also to the happiness of Meleese, also to the happiness of those who tried to kill you on the trail and at the coyote. But, Mon Dieu, how is it all to come? Those at the post are happy because they believe that you are dead. You will not be happy until they are dead. And Meleese—how will all this bring happiness to her? I tell you that I am as deep in trouble as you, M'seur Howland. May the Virgin strike me dead if I'm not?"

He drank, his eyes darkening gloomily. In that moment there flashed into Howland's mind a memory of the battle that Jean had fought for him on the Great North Trail.

"You nearly killed one of them—that night—at Prince Albert," he said slowly. "I can't understand why you fought for me then and won't help me now. But you did. And you're afraid to go down there——"

"Until I have regrown a beard," interrupted Jean with a low chuckling laugh. "You would not be the only one to die if they saw me again like this. But that is enough, M'seur. I will say no more."

"I really don't want to make you uncomfortable, Jean," Howland apologized, as he secured the Frenchman's hands again after they had satisfied their hearty appetites, "but unless you swear by your Virgin or something else that you will make no attempt to call assistance I shall have to gag you. What do you say?"

"I will make no outcry, M'seur. I give you my word for that."

With another length of babeesh Howland tied his companion's legs.

"I'm going to investigate a little," he explained. "I am not afraid of your voice, for if you begin to shout I will hear you first. But with your legs free you might take it into your head to run away."

"Would you mind spreading a blanket on the floor, M'seur? If you are gone long this box will grow hard and sharp."

A FEW minutes later, after he had made his prisoner as comfortable as possible in the cabin, Howland went again thru the fringe of scrub bush to the edge of the ridge. Below him the plain was lost in the gloom of night. He could see nothing of the buildings at the post but two or three lights gleaming faintly thru the darkness. Overhead there were no stars; thickening snow shut out what illumination there might have been in the north, and even as he stood looking into the desolation to the west the snow fell faster and the lights grew fainter and fainter until all was a chaos of blackness.

In these moments a desire that was almost madness swept over him. Since his fight with Jean the swift passing of events had confined his thoughts to their one objective—the finding of Meleese and her people. He had assured himself that his every move was to be a cool and calculating one, that nothing—not even his great love—should urge him beyond that reason which had made him a master-builder among men. As he stood with the snow falling heavily on him he knew that his trail would be covered before another day—that for an indefinite period he might safely wait and watch for Meleese on the mountain top. And yet, slowly, he made his way down the side of the ridge. A little way out there in the gloom, barely beyond the call of his voice, was the girl for whom he was willing to sacrifice all that he had ever achieved in life. With each step the desire in him grew—the impulse to bring himself nearer to her, to steal across the plain, to approach in the silent smother of the storm until he could look on the light which Jean Croisset had told him would gleam from her window.

He descended to the foot of the ridge and headed into the plain, taking the caution to bury his feet deep in the snow that he might have a trail to guide him back to the cabin. At first he found himself impeded by low bush. Then the plain became more open, and he knew that there was nothing but the night and the snow to shut out his vision ahead. Still he had no motive, no reason for what he did. The snow would cover his tracks before morning. There would be no harm done, and he might get a glimpse of the light, of her light.

It came on his vision with a suddenness that set his heart leaping. A dog barked ahead of him, so near that he stopped in his tracks, and then suddenly there shot thru the snow-gloom the bright light of a lamp. Before he had taken another breath he was aware of what had happened. A curtain had been drawn aside in the chaos ahead. He was almost on the walls of the post—and the light gleamed from high up, from the head of the stair!

For a space he stood still, listening and watching. There was no other light, no other sound after the barking of the dog. About him the snow fell with fluttering noiselessness and it filled him with a sensation of safety The sharpest eyes could not see him, the keenest ears could not hear him—and he advanced again until before him there rose out of the gloom a huge shadowy mass that was blacker than the night itself. The one lighted window was plainly visible now, its curtain two-thirds drawn, and as he looked a shadow passed over it. Was it a woman's shadow? The window darkened as the figure within came nearer to it, and Howland stood with clinched hands and wildly beating heart, almost ready to call out softly a name. A little nearer—one more step—and he would know. He might throw a chunk of snow-crust, a cartridge from his belt—and then——

The shadow disappeared. Dimly Howland made out the snow-covered stair, and he went to it and looked up. Ten feet above him the light shone out.

He looked into the gloom behind him, into the gloom out of which he had come. Nothing—nothing but the storm. Swiftly he mounted the stair.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE BEDROOM CHAMBER.

FLATTENING himself closely against the black logs of the wall Howland paused on the platform at the top of the stair. His groping hand touched the jam of a door and he held his breath when his fingers incautiously rattled the steel of a latch. In another moment he passed on, three paces—four—along the platform, at last sinking on his knees in the snow, close under the window, his eyes searched the lighted room an inch at a time. He saw a section of wall at first, dimly illuminated; then a small table near the window covered with

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—of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended
—and the blend can't be copied.

books and magazines, and beside it a reclining chair buried thick under a great white bear robe. On the table, but beyond his vision, was the lamp. He drew himself a few inches thru the snow, leaning still farther ahead, until he saw the foot of a white bed. A little more and he stopped, his white face close to the window-pane.

On the bed, facing him, sat Meleese. Her chin was buried in the cup of her hands, and he noticed that she was in a dressing-gown and that her beautiful hair was loosed and flowing in glistening waves about her, as tho she had just brushed it for the night. A movement, a slight shifting of her eyes, and she would have seen him.

He was filled with an almost mastering impulse to press his face closer, to tap on the window, to draw her eyes to him, but even as his hand rose to do the bidding of that impulse something restrained him. Slowly the girl lifted her head, and he was thrilled to find that another impulse drew him back until his ghostly face was a part of the elusive snow-gloom. He watched her as she turned from him and threw back the glory of her hair until it half hid her in a mass of copper and gold; from his distanee he still gazed at her, choking and undecided, while she gathered it in three heavy strands and plaited it into a shining braid.

For an instant his eyes wandered. Beyond her presence the room was empty. He saw a door, and observed that it opened into another room, which in turn could be entered thru the platform door behind him. With his old exactness for detail he leaped to definite conclusion. These were Meleese's apartments at the post, separated from all others—and Meleese was preparing to retire for the night. If the outer door was not locked, and he entered, what danger could there be of interruption? It was late. The post was asleep. He had seen no light but that in the window thru which he was staring.

The thought was scarcely born before he was at the platform door. The latch clicked gently under his fingers; cautiously he pushed the door inward and thrust in his head and shoulders. The air inside was cold and frosty. He reached out an arm to the right and his hand encountered the rough-hewn surface of a wall; he advanced a step and reached out to the left. There, too, his hand touched a wall. He was in a narrow corridor. Ahead of him there shone a thin ray of light from under the door that opened into Meleese's room. Nerving himself for the last move, he went boldly to the door, knocked lightly to give some warning of his presence, and entered. Meleese was gone. He closed the door behind him, scarce believing his eyes. Then at the far end of the room he saw a curtain, undulating slightly as if from the movement of a person on the other side of it.

"Meleese!" he called softly.

White and dripping with snow, his face bloodless in the tense excitement of the moment, he stood with his arms half reaching out when the curtain was thrust aside and the girl stood before him. At first she did not recognize him in his ghostly storm-covered disguise. But before the startled cry that was on her lips found utterance the fear that had blanched her face gave place to a swift sweeping flood of color. For a space there was no word between them as they stood separated by the breadth of the room, Howland with his arms held out to her in pleading silenee, Meleese with her hands clutched to her bosom, her throat atremble with strange sobbing notes that made no more sound than the fluttering of a bird's wing.

And Howland, as he came across the room to her, found no words to say—none of the things that he had meant to whisper to her, but drew her to him and crushed her close to his breast, knowing that in this moment nothing could tell her more eloquently than the throbbing of his own heart, the passionate pressure of his face to her face, of his great love which seemed to stir into life the very silence that encompassed them.

IT WAS a silence broken after a moment by a short choking cry, the quick-breathing terror of a face turned suddenly up to him robbed of its flush and quivering with a fear that still found no voice in words. He felt the girl's arms straining against him for freedom; her eyes were filled with a staring, questioning horror, as tho his presence had grown into a thing of which she was afraid. The change was tonic to him. This was what he had expected—the first terror at his presence, the struggle against his will, and there surged back over him the forces he had reserved for this moment. He opened his arms and Meleese slipped from them, her hands clutched again in the clinging drapery of her bosom.

"I have come for you, Meleese," he said as calmly as tho his arrival had been expected. "Jean is my prisoner. I forced him to drive me to the old cabin up on the mountain, and he is waiting there with the dogs. We will start back tonight—now." Suddenly he sprang to her again, his voice breaking in a low pleading cry. "My God, don't you see how I love you?" he went on, taking her white face between his two hands. "Don't you understand, Meleese? Jean and I have fought—he is bound hand and foot up there in the cabin—and I am waiting for you—for you——" He pressed her face against him, her lips so close that he could feel their quavering breath. "I have come to fight for you—if you won't go," he whispered tensely. "I don't know why your people have tried to kill me, and it makes no difference to me now. I want you. I've wanted you since that first glimpse of your face thru the window, since the fight on the trail—every minute, every hour, and I won't give you up as long as I'm alive. If you won't go with me—if you won't go now—tonight——" He held her closer, his voice trembling in her hair. "If you won't go—I'm going to stay with you!"

There was a thrillingly decisive note in his last words, a note that carried with it more than all he had said before, and as Meleese partly drew away from him again she gave a sharp cry of protest.

"No—no—no——" she panted, her hands clutching at his arm. "You must go back now—now——" She pushed him toward the door, and as he backed a step, looking down into her face, he saw the choking tremble of her white throat, heard again the fluttering terror in her breath. "They will kill you if they find you here," she urged. "They think you are dead—that you fell thru the ice and were drowned. If you don't believe me, if you don't believe that I can never go with you, tell Jean——"

Her words seemed to choke her as she struggled to finish.

"Tell Jean what?" he questioned softly.

"Will you go—then?" she cried with sobbing eagerness, as if he already understood her. "Will you go back if Jean tells you everything—everything about me—about——"

"No," he interrupted.

"If you only knew—then you would go back, and never see me again. You would understand——"

"I will never understand," he interrupted again. "I say that it is you who do not understand, Meleese! I don't care what Jean would tell me. Nothing that has ever happened can make me not want you. Don't you understand? Nothing, I say—nothing that has happened—that can ever happen—unless——"

For a moment he stopped, looking straight into her eyes.

"Nothing—nothing in the world, Meleese," he repeated almost in a whisper, "unless you did not tell me the truth back on the trail at Wekusko when you said that it was not a sin to love you."

"And if I tell you—if I confess that it is a sin—that I lied back there—then will you go?" she demanded quickly.

Her eyes flamed on him with a strange light.

"No," he said calmly. "I would not believe you."

"But it is the truth. I lied—lied terribly to you. I have sinned even more terribly, and—and you must go. Don't you understand me now? If some one should come—and find you here——"

"There would be a fight," he said grimly. "I have come prepared to fight." He waited a moment, and in the silence the brown head in front of him dropped slowly and he saw a tremor pass thru the slender form, as if it had been torn by an instant's pain. The pallor had gone from Howland's face. The mute surrender in the bowed head, the soft sobbing notes that he heard now in the girl's breath, the confession that he read in her voiceless grief set his heart leaping, and again he drew her close into his arms and turned her face up to his own. There was no resistance now, no words, no pleading for him to go; but in her eyes he saw the prayerful entreaty with which she had come to him on the Wekusko trail, and in the quivering red mouth the same torture and love and half surrender that had burned themselves into his soul there. Love, triumph, undying faith shone in his eyes, and he crushed her face closer until the lovely mouth lay pouted like a crimson rose for him to kiss.

"You—you told me something that wasn't true—once—back there," he whispered, "and you promised that you wouldn't do it again. You haven't sinned—in the way that I mean, and in the way that you want me to believe." His arms tightened still more about her, and his voice was suddenly filled with a tense quick eagerness. "Why don't you tell me everything?" he asked. "You believe that if I knew certain things I would never want to see you again, that I would go back into the South. You have told me that. Then—if you want me to go—why don't you reveal these things to me? If you can't do that, go with me tonight. We will go anywhere—to the ends of the earth——"

He stopped at the look that had come into her face. Her eyes were turned to the window. He saw them filled with a strange terror, and involuntarily his own followed them to where the storm was beating softly against the window-pane. Close to the lighted glass was pressed a man's face. He caught a flashing glimpse of a pair of eyes staring in at them, of a thick, wild beard whitened by the snow. He knew the face. When life seemed slipping out of his throat he had looked up into it that night of the ambush on the Great North Trail. There was the same hatred, the same demoniac fierceness in it now.

With a quick movement Howland sprang away from the girl and leveled his revolver to where the face had been. Over the shining barrel he saw only the taunting emptiness of the storm. Scarcely had the face disappeared when there came the loud shout of a man, the hoarse calling of a name, and then of another, and after that the quick, furious opening of the outer door.

Howland whirled, his weapon pointing to the only entrance. The girl was ahead of him and with a warning cry he swung the muzzle of his gun upward. In a moment she had pushed the bolt that locked the room from the inside, and had leaped back to him, her face white, her breath breaking in fear. She spoke no word, but with a moan of terror caught him by the arm and pulled him past the light and beyond the thick curtain that had hidden her when he had entered the room, palely lighted by a mass of coals gleaming thru the open door of a box stove, and with a second window looking out into the thick night. Fiercely she dragged him to this window, her fingers biting deep into the flesh of his arm.

"You must go—thru this!" she cried chokingly. "Quick! Oh, my God, won't you hurry? Won't you go?"

Howland had stopped. From the blackness of the corridor there came the beat of heavy fists on the door and the rage of a thundering voice demanding admittance. From out in the night it was answered by the sharp barking of a dog and the shout of a second voice.

"Why should I go?" he asked. "I told you a few moments ago that I had come prepared to fight, Meleese. I shall stay—and fight!"

"Please—please go!" she sobbed, striving to pull him nearer to the window. "You can get away in the storm. The snow will cover your trail. If you stay they will kill you—kill you——"

"I prefer to fight and be killed rather than to run away without you," he interrupted. "If you will go——"

She crushed herself against his breast. "I can't go—now—this way——" she urged. "But I will come to you. I will come to you." For an instant her hands clasped his face. "Will you go—if I promise you that?"

"You swear that you will follow me—that you will come down to the Wekusko? My God, are you telling me the truth, Meleese?"

"Yes, yes, I will come to you—if you go now." She broke from him and he heard her fumbling at the window. "I will come—I will come—but not to Wekusko. They will follow you there. Go back to Prince Albert—to the hotel where I looked at you thru the window. I will come there—sometime—as soon as I can——"

A blast of cold air swept into his face. He had thrust his revolver into its holster and now again for an instant he held Meleese close in his arms.

"You will be my wife?" he whispered.

He felt her throbbing against him. Suddenly her arms tightened around his neck.

"Yes, if you want me then—if you want me after you know what I am. Now, go—please, please go!"

He pulled himself thru the window, hanging for a last moment on the ledge.

"If you fail to come—within a month—I shall return," he said.

Her hands were at his face again. Once more, as on the trail at Le Pas, he felt the sweet pressure of her lips.

"I will come," she whispered.

HER hands thrust him back and he was forced to drop to the snow below. Scarcely had his feet touched when there sounded the fierce yelp of a dog close to him, and as he darted away into the smother of the storm the brute followed at his heels, barking excitedly in the manner of the mongrel curs that had found their way up from the South. Between the dog's alarm and the loud outcry of men there was barely time in which to draw a breath. From the stair platform came a rapid fusillade of rifle shots that sang thru the air above Howland's head, and mingled with the fire was a hoarse voice urging on the cur that followed within a leap of his heels.

The presence of the dog filled the engineer with a fear that he had not anticipated. Not for an instant did the brute give slack to his tongue as they raced thru the night, and Howland knew now that the storm and the darkness were of little avail in his race for life. There was but once chance, and he determined to take it. Gradually he slackened his pace, drawing and cocking his revolver; then he turned suddenly to confront the yelping Nemesis behind him. Three times he fired in quick succession at a moving blot in the snow-gloom, and there

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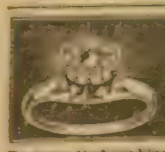

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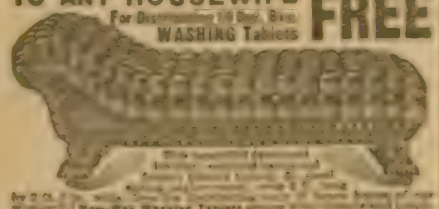

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went up from that blot a wailing cry that he knew was caused by the deep bite of lead.

Again he plunged on, a muffled shout of defiance on his lips. Never had the fire of battle raged in his veins as now. Back in the window, listening in terror, praying for him, was Meleese. The knowledge that she was there,—that at last he had won her and was fighting for her, stirred him with a joy that was next to madness. Nothing could stop him now. He loaded his revolver as he ran, slackening his pace as he covered greater distance, for he knew that in the storm his trail could be followed scarcely faster than a walk.

He gave no thought to Jean Croisset, bound hand and foot in the little cabin on the mountain. Even as he had clung to the window for that last moment it had occurred to him that it would be folly to return to the Frenchman. Meleese had promised to come to him, and he believed her, and for that reason Jean was no longer of use to him. Alone he would lose himself in that wilderness, alone work his way into the South, trusting to his revolver for food, and to his compass and the matches in his pocket for life. There would be no sledge-trail for his enemies to follow, no treachery to fear. It would take a thousand men to find him after the night's storm had covered up his retreat, and if one should find him they two would be alone to fight it out.

For a moment he stopped to listen and stare futilely into the blackness behind him. When he turned to go on his heart stood still. A shadow had loomed out of the night half a dozen paces ahead of him, and before he could raise his revolver the shadow was lightened by a sharp flash of fire. Howland staggered back, his fingers loosening their grip on his pistol, and as he crumpled down into the snow he heard over him the hoarse voice that had urged on the dog. After that there was a space of silence, of black chaos in which he neither reasoned nor lived, and then there came to him faintly the sound of other voices. Finally all of them were lost in one—a moaning, sobbing voice that was calling his name again and again, a voice that seemed to reach to him from out of an infinity of distance, and that he knew was the voice of Meleese. He strove to speak, to lift his arms, but his tongue was as lead, his arms as tho fettered with steel bands.

The voice died away. He lived thru a cycle of speechless, painless night into which finally a gleam of dawn returned. He felt as if years were passing in his efforts to move, to lift himself out of chaos. But at last he won. His eyes opened, he raised himself. His first sensation was that he was no longer in the snow and that the storm was not beating into his face. Instead there encompassed him a damp dungeon-like chill. Everywhere there was blackness—everywhere except in one spot, where a little yellow eye of fire watched him and blinked at him. At first he thought that the eye must be miles and miles away. But it came quickly nearer—and still nearer—until at last he knew that it was a candle burning with the silence of a death taper a yard or two beyond his feet.

Howland is condemned to death. As he awaits the fatal hour, he learns why his life is to be taken. The final installment of this serial in next week's Ledger clears up the mystery.

* * *

Cause for Rejoicing.

"I'M GLAD I married you instead of Joe Wakefield," declared Mrs. Davis. "I wouldn't live with that man for a million dollars."

"Expecting an offer?" asked Davis.

Mrs. Davis ignored her husband's gibe and continued:

"Mrs. Wakefield is house cleaning. Of course she thinks Joe is the cutest thing ever. Their house is filled with his rubbish and he won't destroy anything, so she patiently dusts it all over from top to bottom. I'd make the dust fly if I got at it."

"I have a vivid picture of your doing so," said Davis.

"I was over there yesterday," Mrs. Davis continued. "Wakefield was there and his wife said he was helping her clean up his study. They would sit down together at a table and run thru pile after pile of his stuff. She would say, 'Do you want that pamphlet on chemicals, dear?' And he would answer, 'I'm going to look that over sometime. Don't throw it away.'

"And so on—one thing after another. All he would let her dispose of out of about a cartload of rubbish wouldn't fill a knitting bag.

"'And his old, worn out clothes! Gracious, how he clings to them!' Mrs. Wakefield went into a closet and appeared with a couple of dust covered old derby hats.

"'Let me give them to the janitor,' she said. 'He can use them and I'm tired of having them around.'

"'No, indeed,' he replied. 'I know a place where they pay a quarter a piece for old derbies.'

"'Well, will you take them there?' pleaded his wife.

"'Yes,' he promised. 'I'll try to [illegible] soon.'

"I'll declare they wouldn't be [illegible] long if I were running that house," declared Mrs. Davis. "And Wakefield was even worse about an old bathing suit his wife trotted out. He wore it the summer they had a cottage somewhere up in northern Michigan and it was all full of holes the grasshoppers had eaten into it when he spread it out to dry.

"'What's the earthly use of keeping this any longer?' asked Mrs. Wakefield.

"'That,' replied Wakefield; 'why, that's a good bathing suit and I might want to wear it.'

"'You'd be arrested before you could get into the water if you appeared on any bathing beach in that suit,' declared his wife.

"It was the same with old suits of clothes and old overcoats," continued Mrs. Davis; "old stuff reeking with the odor of moth balls. Wakefield wouldn't let her dispose of any of them. He said maybe he'd give them to the Belgians if another drive for old clothes was started next winter. But I'll bet a new hat Belgium will have been reconstructed and have forgotten about the war, before Wakefield ever gives away anything. That man is the tightwad limit.

"But absurdest of all! Mrs. Wakefield went into another room and brought back a pair of his worn out shoes and asked him if she couldn't throw them away. He took them and looked them all over and the funniest expression came into his face.

"'Mary,' he said, 'I can't let them go. These shoes have served me long and faithfully. I wore them when we went up country together, pitching camp at night by the wayside—two happy nomads. It was in them that I walked to the postoffice and got that $350 check for my story. They have been my harbingers of good fortune. We must keep them for good luck.'"

"Things certainly are coming Wakefield's way these days," said Davis. "I don't know whether its due to brains or old shoes."

"Not brains, I assure you," commented Mrs. Davis.

Then she sat on Davis' knee and took his face between her hands.

"Jacky, dear," she said shyly, "I'm going to keep that old brown pair of shoes of yours—the ones with the English toe. You remember things went awfully well when you wore them. It won't do any harm, anyway."

* * *

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How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," or "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

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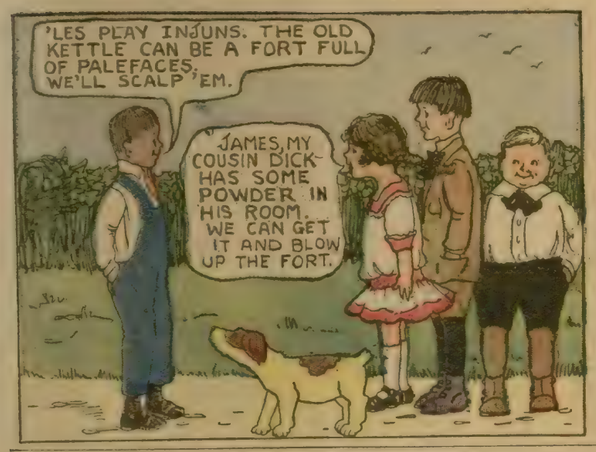
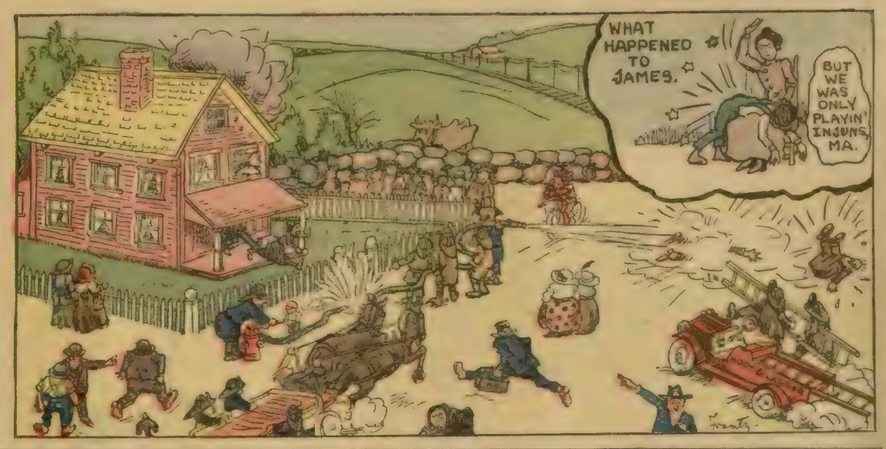
WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG - - The "Injun" Massacre


'LES PLAY INJUNS. THE OLD KETTLE CAN BE A FORT FULL OF PALEFACES, WE'LL SCALP 'EM.
JAMES, MY COUSIN DICK HAS SOME POWDER IN HIS ROOM. WE CAN GET IT AND BLOW UP THE FORT.



Knew the New Yorkers.

When Theodore Roosevelt was Governor of New York he knew quite well a farmer who lived at a house on the road where the Governor, riding horseback, would always stop for a rest.

One day when T. R. rode up, the farmer was reading a New York paper.

"Governor," he asked, "aren't these New York papers pretty tall liars?"

"Why, what makes you think they are?"

"Well, here's a story I was just a-readin' of a man who paid $14,000 for a picture of a cow. I don't believe it."

"Why not?" said T. R.

"Because," said the farmer, "I don't believe there's any man in New York would pay $14,000 for anything he couldn't milk."

Retaliation.

Barrister—"Now, sir, you have stated under oath that this man had the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks, in your estimation?"

Down-trodden Witness—"Well, er—a gentleman looks—er—like—er——"

Barrister—"I don't want any of your 'ers', sir; and remember that you are on oath. Can you see anybody in this courtroom who looks like a gentleman?"

Witness—"I can if you'll stand out of the way."

Unfeeling Father.

"Have the Blithersbys named their new twins yet?"

"Yes, but they were not given the names applied to them by Mr. Blithersby when they first arrived."

"What did he call the precious pair?"

"'Trouble' and 'More of It.'"

Truth.

"Did she tell you the truth when you asked her how old she was?"

"Oh, yes."

"What did she say?"

"That it was none of my business."

The Seats of the Mighty.

A certain captain went calling upon the village belle. The old man kept a very vicious house-dog, and upon the occasion of the officer's call, the dog was untied. When the fearsome canine had finished with the captain, the seat of the latter's trousers was missing. His brother officers joshing him about his predicament asked if the girl was worth risking his anatomy in that fashion. The captain replied: "Maybe not. But I have always been willing to give up my seat to any lady!"—Judge.

A Friendly Plot.

"You will need a trained nurse for Mrs. Jibway."

"Certainly, doctor. I'll attend to that right away," said Mr. Jibway.

"Speaking as an old friend of the family, I can tell you how to hasten Mrs. Jibway's recovery."

"How?"

"Engage the prettiest nurse you can find and show her a little attention in the sick room. We'll have Mrs. Jibway on her feet in a jiffy."

Father's Hope.

The son of the family was home on his first vacation since he had attained to the dignity of class president. He and his father were discussing affairs of the day, and finally the boy remarked, "Say, dad, I hope when I am as old as you are I'll know more than you do."

"I'll go one better, my boy," the father replied. "I hope that when you are that old you will know as much as you think you do now."

Circulating Now.

Yeast—"I see the pro rata share of the money in circulation in this country is $54.66—nearly $5 more than it was a year ago."

Crimsonbeak—"Well, I can account for that extra five circulating, I think."

"Yes?"

"I had $5 a year ago."

Safety First.

"Why do you want to sell this mule, Uncle Ned?"

"Boss, I wants to git rid o' dat mule."

"Of course you do, but why?"

"Well, hit's dis way. I done got de rheumatism an' 'sides I ain't as spry as I used to be, nohow. If I keeps foolin' roun' dat mule, some o' dese days he's gwine to kick whar I is an' I'se gwine to be dar."

News to Him.

THE Employe—"I've called for my time. I'm not going to work for you any more."

The Sarcastic Boss—"Have you been working for us? I thought you were merely drawing pay."

Incorrigible.

"We are living in the age of the most obedient parents in the world's history," said a Philadelphia educator. Possibly so, but they still haven't been cured of the habit of talking back. Only last night we heard a 9-year-old boy tell his mother she could either buy him a 10-cent box of popcorn or he wouldn't take any, and she said, "Now, Willie," two or three times, and as long as we hung around he couldn't make that woman shut up.

Cooked or Perfumed?

Wife—"John, you're getting home mighty late tonight."

Husband—"Yes, I've been at the restaurant."

Wife—"The restaurant? What were you doing there?"

Husband—"Waiting for some chicken."—Judge.

Probably Both.

"That woman on the corner, waiting for a trolley car, refused your offer of a lift rather superciliously."

"So she did," replied the obliging man. "And now I'll never know if she turned up her nose at my company or my flivver."

No Such Luck.

Vicar—"Nothing to be thankful for! Why, think of poor old Hodge losing his wife thru the flu!"

Giles—"Well, that don't do me no good. I ain't Hodge."

The One Drawback.

Wife—"How do you like your new radium watch, dear?"

Husband—"It would be wonderful if I did not have to light the lamp every time to find my glasses."—Life.

Some Country.

Finnegan, a railroad worker, tho not he of "On again, off again" fame, returned to Ireland recently on a visit. On being questioned by his relatives concerning the wonders of America, he described its size as follows: "Fhwy, Amer-r-rica is so big thot if ye wor to dr-rag England thru the Shtates ye wouldn't lave a mar-rk in th' dirt, an' ye could lose Oireland intoirely in wan o' thim gr-great inland oceans we hov, phwat we call lakes, an' if ye had Scotland to get rid of there are a thousand carners to hide her in, an' nobody could tell phwere ye'd put her, except, begorra, for the strong smell av whisky."

Playing Safe.

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to church?" asked Pastor Brown.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus, "it's dis way. I likes to take an active part, an' I used to pass de collection basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah Green, who jest returned from ovah thai-ah."

"In recognition of his heroic service, I suppose?"

"No, sah, I reckon he got dat job in recognition o 'his having lost one o' his hands."

A Ready Explainer.

"Tommy, your head is wet. You've been in swimming against my orders."

"No, pa. I was just standin' on the bank watchin' the other boys when that little Tompkins kid did a 'belly-buster' an' splashed me."

"Then, why wasn't your hat wet?"

"I had it in my hand, pa, fannin' myself."

"Umph! I guess I'll have to make a lawyer out of you, son."

Then It's Too Late.

"Is this for publication?" inquired the conscientious interviewer.

"How do I know?" rejoined Senator Sorghum. "It's impossible to be sure whether anything ought to be published till after it appears in print."

Pull Together.

"The head and the heart should work in unison," said the Parlor Philosopher.

"Yes, many a fellow's head has to work overtime correcting the mistakes of his heart," added the Mere Man.—Judge.

One After Another.

"Ever had any trouble with your automobile?"

"Yes. Ever since I got it, all my wife's relatives expect me to be their chauffeur."

Link Measure.

Stranger—"Beg pardon, sir. How far is it to the North Station?"

Golf Bug—"I should say about a full drive, three brassies and a putt."

True!

"Queer thing about religion."

"What is it?"

"You never can tell what church a man goes to by the way he acts downtown on week days."

Brain Teasers.

A Palindrome.

152—DDHNNHSBSHNNHDD.

This sequence of letters, when the proper vowels are inserted, will form a sentence which reads alike from either end. Can you discover it?

Buried Cities.

153—1. An effort was made to stop aristocrats becoming members.
2. We were told to remember linen was made of flax and hemp.
3. She promised her mother she would live nicely.
4. While riding his burro Meridith met a chum.
5. They could not escape King George's orders.
6. Please let Douglas go with us.

Five Word Square.

154—1. A preacher.
2. Angry.
3. A large gun.
4. To make amends.
5. To restore.

Beheadings.

155—Behead to divide with violence and have relinquish; again and have the edge of a roof; behead again and have an abbreviation; once more and have the sound of a letter of the alphabet.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

148. Added Syllables.

"I (can) not find my way at all
Unless I have a (candle);
I'll take it in my (hand)," he said,
"And hold it by the (handle)."
"What's (this) that is so feather light?
Some down from off the (thistle),
"(Whist)," then, said Will, "I surely hear
A faint and far off (whistle)."
He did not know which way to go
But (ran) about at (random);
The (tan) upon his face was dark:
His team it was a (tandem)

Looking Backward.

At an army mess for officers, a First Looie was served with two fried eggs. As the eggs were a light green color and smelled musty he called the mess sergeant and said, "Sergeant, I would like to see the cook who fried these eggs, immediately."

"Sorry, sir," answered the M. S., "but he was discharged three months ago."—Judge.

At the Asylum.

VISITOR—"How did he become crazy?"

Warden—"He was one of these efficiency experts who thought he could get a hen to lay an egg on toast."

149. Metamorphoses.

1. Man, tan, tam, ham. 2. Con, can, car, oar. 3. Add, aid, ail, oil. 4. Day, say, sat, vat. 5. One, ore, ere, era. 6. Oat, rat, rot, rod. McAdoo, Hoover.

150. Six Word Square.

R A S C A L
A C T I V E
S T A G E S
C I G A R S
A V E R S E
L E S S E N

151. Word Anagrams.

Coincides, articulates.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Joy Riding Preferred.

A youth was being scored by his father for his flighty notions, his habit of shirking and general unreliability. "Hard work never killed anybody," the only man added.

"That's just the trouble, dad," returned the youngster. "I want to engage in something that has a spice of danger in it."

Study Encouraged.

"Now, in case anything should go wrong with this experiment," said the professor, "we and the laboratory with us will be blown sky high. Now come a little closer, boys, in order that you may follow me."

Disinherited.

"Was your uncle in his right mind when he died?"

"He couldn't have been. Why, he left everything to charity."

Pie-bald Truth.

Mr. Jones keeps pigeons, and Mr. Brown, next door, tries to keep pigeons. Mr. Brown is constantly losing birds, while Mr. Jones is as constantly suspected of finding them. The other morning Mr. Brown, with a smile and a sixpence, approached the youthful son and heir of Mr. Jones.

"Willie," began Brown, holding up the coin, "did daddie find a bird yesterday?"

Willie nodded.

"And was it blue bird with some white feathers in its wing?"

"Dunno," responded Willie, pocketing the sixpence. "You can't tell their color when they're in a pie!"

Unmistakable Evidence.

"What, in your opinion," asked the persistent snooper after stray facts, "is the clearest indication of the patience of the American people?"

"Well," answered the thoughtful man, who dealt in embalming fluid, "I regard the greatest exhibition of supreme patience to be found in the way automobile drivers keep right on undismayed at the job of trying to beat railroad trains to crossings."

The Bare Fact.

Dorothy and Harold were visiting at their uncle Frank's, who had grown quite bald since they had last seen him. Dorothy said, "Uncle Frank has not got much hair now, has he, Harold?"

"No, not much hair, but he has a fine lot of head."

An Even Break.

"Young man, are you satisfied with your present position?"

"Naw, but it's fifty-fifty. The boss ain't satisfied with the way I fill it, either."

Mentality.

Mrs. Willis—"She says she has had four husbands. What type were they?"

Mrs. Gillis—"The mental, temperamental, accidental and experimental."

Special Leave.

A soldier was pleading with his commanding officer.

"You are always on leave," exclaimed the commanding officer. "What on earth do you want special leave for now?"

"My sister's baby is going to be vaccinated, sir."

"And what has that got to do with you?"

"She's my sister, sir," explained Tommy with a hurt look.

"What—the baby?"

"No, sir; the baby's sister's my brother—I mean I'm the mother's baby—er—the father's my sister. No, I mean——"

"You mean," broke in the C. O. angrily. "What do they want you for? That is the point."

"For a godmother, sir."

Needed Help.

Rather pretty young woman and small son on Clifton car. Gentleman sits opposite; stranger to lady and boy, but a lover of children. Cultivates acquaintance of youngster by means of smiles and winks. Boy receptive, but has not yet acquired the art of winking with one eye—can only squint with both eyes at once. Thinks nice stranger deserves better recognition; peremptorily and loudly calls on his mother for assistance. Thus: "Mamma, wink at that man, I can't!"

So Wags the World.

"I've got nine chemists to indorse your tooth powder."

"Eh?"

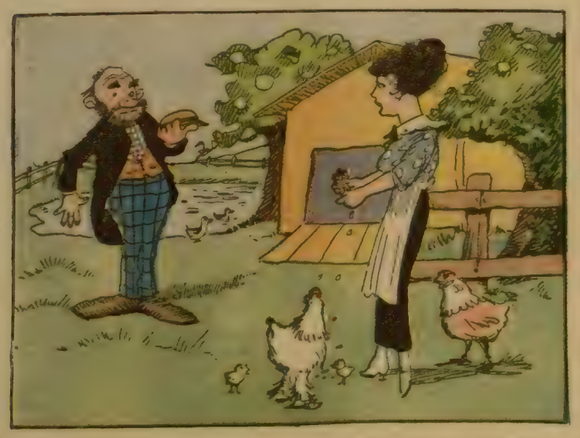
"And six professors."

"Shucks. I'd trade the indorsements of the entire outfit for that of one movie actress."

Might Be If She Did.

A woman and her daughter were at sea during a terrific storm. After a silence of some time the mother asked: "Are you seasick, dear?"

"No, I think not, mother," replied the girl, "but I'd hate to yawn."



Tramp—"Lady, I'm so hungry I feel like drowning myself in that pond back of the barn."

Mrs. Farmer—"Why, I think you'd prefer the orchard pond! It's far prettier and there's a lovely breeze there and a charming view up the gulch!"

The Loft Was Vacant

HER neat little feet when they trot
on the street
Were a treat for the gods to behold.
Her trim little limb 'neath the gown
seemed to him
To be cast in a Chippendale mold.

This swell little Belle. I am right here
to tell.
Moved along with the grace of a
fawn.
The trace of her face 'gainst the
chiffon and lace,
Had the soul of poor William in
pawn

He lay half the day on the wait, so
they say,
To present to his idol his prayers.
They met, and upset are his feelings
e'en yet,—
There was nobody home upstairs!

TOM. K. CORLESS, *in Judge.*

"I see that the corn crop this year will bring about $200,000,000!"

"Well, don't blame me! I done my best!"

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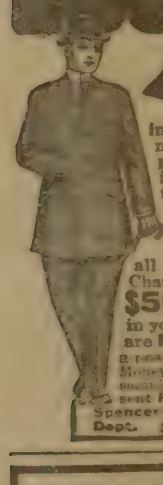

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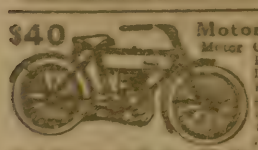

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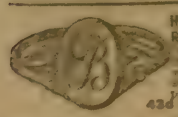

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A Million in Yellow Bars

(Continued From Page 4)

and a note of genuine sorrow crept into the girl's voice. She jerked vindictively at the oars.

"I didn't get angry at you!" Hoffman hurried to assure her. "Tell me, please, why did you follow me in this small boat?"

Her cheeks brightened as she said, "I didn't know but what this gale might go bad with you, an' I come along to see if I could help some."

THE dory nosed up onto the sandy beach, and Bess rose from her seat. Despite Hoffman's protest, she helped him from the boat and up the sloping shore. The gale still raged out at sea, and, appearing then disappearing behind the monstrous breakers, Hoffman saw his schooner, with mizzen sail aloft, bearing into port.

Tho he would have gone to his own cabin for dry clothes and rest, Bess impelled him toward her home where she built a blazing driftwood fire, dried his clothes and brewed him coffee.

After supper he made his way up the glen to old George Fourty's cabin. Hoffman found the old seaman sitting before his door, clutching a cane as gnarled as the maples around him, and his face was eager with expectation.

"The gold, my lad, the gold!" he cried excitedly, and scanned Hoffman as tho he thought that young man carried the treasure with him.

Hoffman paused. He disliked to report the failure of his expedition to this man whose very future seemed dependent on his words.

"The gold—ye didn't get it?" the old man's voice was pitifully weak as he read Hoffman's face. He sank slowly back upon the bench.

"No, the storm——"

"What did ye let the storm stop ye for?" Old Fourty's eyes flamed as he poked his cane nervously upon the ground. "You're a great seaman, ye air," he said contemptuously, "An' me dependin' on ye. After all these years——" His voice broke into a sob. His tousled head sank into his hands. "The gold! My gold. What I have waited for all these years!" The old man's voice was half moan, half wail, like the eerie chant of the whistle buoy riding on the breast of a troubled sea.

Pity for the aged seaman gripped Hoffman. Inwardly, he renewed his determination to get the million in gold that lay beneath the waves—not because it was valuable metal, but because he wished to gratify the old man's life-long wish.

"We'll try again," he said soothingly. "Maybe the weather'll be all right tomorrow."

But old Fourty continued bitterly to lament the failure of his young confidant to return with the strong box and its contents of gold bars. Hoffman's reassuring words fell on deaf ears. Try as he would, he could not cheer the discouraged old man.

Suddenly George Fourty rose from the bench. He placed a steadying hand on his hip, and shook his cane at Hoffman. "There's a million out there in that sea," he fairly croaked, his voice tremulous with emotion. "An' ye want to wait until tomorrow to go after it! If ye wasn't a coward—a landlubbin' fool—you'd go after it tonight!"

"But it will wait until——"

The angry man cut Hoffman short. "Wait nothin'! I'll go after it myself. I ain't scared like you be of the dark nor no storm!"

And, still muttering, old Fourty hobbled down the slope toward Diamond City.

DUSK was now fast gathering. The fishermen and their families sought shelter in their small shacks along the beach. Hoffman's schooner still pitched and tossed at anchor in the tiny cove where the six youths had abandoned it. Old George Fourty made straight for this. His strong determination battled against the infirmities of old age as he struggled along the sand. Hoffman followed. He believed he might be able to assist the old man, in what he now felt was a hopeless quest.

With darkness, the storm abated for a little while, resumed its fury. Small shafts of light from the fishermen's oil lamps pointed along the glistening shore and out to sea. Not a soul stirred out in that wild night except this odd pair, the muttering old man and Bruce Hoffman, from 'Frisco.

At the water's seething, roaring edge, Fourty stopped. Thru the wind, Hoffman heard him curse as he eyed first the schooner some fifty feet out in the cove—then the black waves. It seemed hardly within human possibility to reach the boat.

To venture forth into the sea on a night like this, without even the friendly presence of daylight, seemed to young Hoffman foolhardy. He admired the old man's pluck, as he discarded his cane and made ready to swim to the schooner.

"Wait!" shouted Hoffman. "Don't go that way. Here's a boat."

And he walked rapidly toward a small boat lying on the shore. He dragged it along the sand to where old Fourty stood and, seeing that the aged seaman still was bent on reaching the schooner, assisted him into the boat. Fourty offered no resistance or objection to the younger man's help.

As Hoffman bent over the bow of the boat to launch it, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a clear voice spoke near his ear:

"Don't! don't go! It's dangerous."

Hoffman turned. It was Bess Long! The girl's pretty hair wafted in the wind, her face and eyes were as radiant as he had seen them during the day.

But old Fourty was impatient. "Don't stand there like a fool," he yelled thru the storm, "Ain't ye comin'?"

For a moment, Hoffman wavered, then moved again toward the boat. Still the girl clung to his shoulder. A laugh, mirthful, exhilarating, came to the bewildered young man's ears.

"It worked, Uncle George," and the girl's voice rose high to reach the old man's ears.

"Yes, dear," returned the man. "It worked all right, and I think we won out, eh?"

HOFFMAN stepped back from the small boat and eyed the pair suspiciously. Crazy—the thought flashed in his mind. His eyes bulged in his head when he saw old George Fourty, stepping from the boat, grasp his long, white beard and wig and tear them from his face and head. A lost beam from a fisherman's hovel flickered faintly on the man's face. The eyes that seemed never to dull, now flashed with merriment for they were the eyes of a man of 45; a man in the full flower of his vigor.

Mystified, Hoffman dazedly took in the situation. Why had this man been disguised? Why, now, did he make merry at his just bewilderment? And why, above all, should this girl, who called the mysterious man, "uncle," steal in upon the scene each time when peril threatened him? And what did the man mean when he said "won out?"

"He doesn't understand, uncle," the girl broke his reverie. "Shall I tell him?"

"I wish some one would!" exclaimed Hoffman at last. "I certainly don't understand."

The girl shook with mirth. Then she walked to Hoffman's side, and placing a small, soft hand on his shoulder, peered up into his face.

"We—Uncle and I have been playing a trick on you. There isn't any gold out there. That was just a ruse."

Deeper grew the mystery. Here was this girl, who on the day before, slaughtered the English language with utter abandon, now talking evenly, clearly, in well chosen words.

"It was done on a bet," she resumed. "Uncle and I came here from San Francisco to spend the summer. I met an old girl chum of mine. We were discussing marriage, one day, and my friend wagered that I couldn't find a gentleman friend—a really brave gentleman friend—in this remote spot if I tried. I took the bet and got Uncle to help me.

"Then you came to Diamond City. There were no other young men here with whom I even cared to associate, so we decided to—ah—frame you!"

"If it were anybody else——!" broke out Hoffman wrathfully. "But go on, let's hear the rest of this prank!"

"I—I'm sorry, honestly," the girl said apologetically; then she resumed her story. "Uncle has a good imagination, so he figured out that story about the Brother Jonathan and the million in gold. You—ah—fell for it, as they say. Even the mutiny was planned beforehand, and I played the heroine part, so that I could get acquainted.

"It was plucky of you to take the schooner out on that wild day, but that wasn't enough to convince me that I had found a real, brave gentleman friend! So we staged this tonight to see whether you would really go or not. When we saw that you were truly game, then Uncle said we had won out."

Before Bruce Hoffman could recover from his astonishment to speak, the erstwhile old man who had stood beside the girl during her narrative, spoke up.

"Yes, we framed you, and the result was even more far-reaching than either my niece or myself anticipated." He had dropped his rich brogue. Business-like, he cleared his throat, and continued, "I'm a man, and I know how you like to be addressed. If one has anything to say, we like to have him come out and say it—no beating around the bush—isn't that right?

"Well, Bess here," and he placed a hand on the girl's shoulder, tells me that she's sorry that she undertook to play this prank on you. She's rather interested in you, to make the long story short.

"Now," after a pause in which only the roar of the surf and the shriek and howl of the wind broke the silence. "Now, I don't want to seem to be shaping your mind for you, or anything like that—but, man to man, after a girl's saved you like Bess did from that schooner, and has shown the interest she has in you—a real, true interest—I'd give her a chance!"

Bess had started off into the darkness. Her heart beat wildly, and her face flamed. Would he come, she asked herself.

"That was a pretty speech, old man," Hoffman said to Fourty. His tone and mien were affable. "But it wasn't necessary. I had commenced to think when she pulled me into that boat that I had found the million in gold, and wouldn't have to look further. So now, I'm thru with the hunt for good!"

And he turned and followed the footsteps of the girl thru the wild but happy night.

* * *

Twisted by a Twin.

"HAVE you ever heard Mr. Marvin speak of his twin boys?" inquired the pretty stenographer of the girl at the switchboard.

"Have I! I've never heard him speak of anything else. But I don't blame him, if they are as nice as they look."

"If I were only five years younger, believe me, I'd lose my heart to my employer's sons, or one of them, after the good old fashion," continued the pretty stenographer. "Jim was in the office one day, and I never could believe that Tom was as good looking as his brother, but I was much mistaken, as I found out last Sunday.

"You know Edith and I went to call on Helen Everett out in the wilds. We stayed later than we intended, and, our luck—just missed a car and waited for twenty minutes, and not another one in sight. We had almost made up our minds to walk to the 'L,' about two miles away, when a big car came along with two boys in the front seat and an empty tonneau. They stopped, and the boy who was driving raised his hat and said, formally:

"'Pardon me, ladies, but a coal wagon has broken down on the tracks. We'll be glad to give you a lift if you're going in our direction.'

"Of course, we thanked them and accepted most gratefully. And then the other boy got out to help us in and I recognized him as Jim Marvin. He never looked at me and, believe me, I was wishing I were sweet sixteen again.

"I knew I'd only embarrass the kid if I spoke to him, so I merely asked him to take us to the 'L' station.

"Well, those kids were so polite and so horribly respectful that I started to get mad. I hate to be treated like a grandmother, and I saw Edith grinning behind her muff, so I thought I'd have a little fun. I leaned forward and said:

"'Young gentlemen, behold in me a fortune teller. As a reward for your great kindness, I will proceed to tell your fortunes. Yours first,' I continued touching Jim on the shoulder.

"Jim sat as if petrified, and I knew he was scared stiff, but I had to punish that kid for being so young. Then I proceeded to tell his past, present, and where he lived, his age, his father's business—oh, more things than I can remember now, but I had to string it out until we reached the 'L' station, because, of course, I couldn't tell the other boy's fortune. Then, just at the last, I put on a dreamy voice and drawled: 'I see—I see, two boys—not you alone, but another—ah, he is you, too. No, you are he. I don't understand. Ah, I have it now—he is your brother, your twin.'

"With that the car stopped and I flew up the 'L' steps, and Edith after me.

"I couldn't wait until I got down this morning to tell Mr. Martin. He listened to my story and then started to laugh. He said Tom had come home excited over the fortune teller he had met."

"Tom!" gasped the girl at the switchboard.

"Yes, Tom," snapped the pretty stenographer." "My only comfort lies in the fact that anything I said to Tom, thinking it was Jim, just about applies to Tom, anyway."

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The Avenger's Sinless Crime

By H. M. Egbert

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LAWRENCE PRESTON, murderer, occupies a good position in the social world of his native town. He is vice president of the board of trade, a respected business man, a good citizen, and has an adoring wife and children. He goes to church on Sundays and walks home with a clean conscience.

Is murder justifiable? Preston had loved Dorothy for years before Rankin appeared upon the scene, with his flashy ways and tales of wanderings and adventures. He was just the type of man who would captivate the heart of an inexperienced girl like Dorothy. Preston, to whom she was more than half engaged, saw her slipping away from him.

Dorothy married Rankin, and then ensued five of the bitterest years of her life. He took her money and spent it, partly gambling, partly on other women. Dorothy ought to have divorced him, perhaps, but she shrank from that step; nothing like it had been known in her family, and, while she was still deliberating, Rankin was killed in the train accident that occurred after the Watertown races, where he had gone to play.

The body was mangled among a heap of others and only identified by a card in a card case. It occurred to nobody that Rankin might have given his card to some chance acquaintance upon the train. Dorothy did not pretend to mourn him. Six months later she married Preston, and her real honeymoon began.

Two years of ideal happiness passed. Preston was at this time representing his firm on the road. He was away for a week when Dorothy, seated happily on the porch of their house, and thinking of him, saw a ragged tramp approaching along the road.

Something in the man's appearance, in his slouching gait arrested her attention. Suddenly she sat up in her chair, rigid, her eyes fixed with horror upon the face of the man who had been her husband.

Rankin advanced up the little walk of the garden. He grinned amiably as he came to a halt in front of the terrified girl and removed his battered hat with a mock bow.

"Well, wife," he said, "is that all you have to say to me? Aren't you glad to see me again after all these years?"

Dorothy only shrank from him. Rankin observed the movement and he grinned, not so amiably as before.

"I guess we'd better have this thing out right away," he said, taking his seat beside her. "So you thought I was dead and got married again, eh? And I guess you're happier than you were with me? And you wouldn't like to be disgraced and have to take me back?"

"I'll never do that!" cried Dorothy.

"Maybe not," he admitted. "All the same, you'd give a good deal to get rid of me and not let your husband know it wasn't my body that was found. How much is it worth to you?"

"What do you mean?" cried the girl.

"I mean," said Rankin, sullenly, "that I'm down and out. When I heard you thought me dead and had got hitched up again, I meant to stay away. You weren't the only one that was sorry to have got married. Married life wasn't all beams and roses for me either. Now, then, how much is it worth to you to set me on my feet, knowing I'll never come back? Make it five hundred."

"You want me to deceive my husband?" cried the girl.

"I'm your husband," said Rankin with another grin. "Come now, five hundred squares it. I know you can raise that. I didn't run thru all your money. I wish I had, but now it seems just as well."

Dorothy rose and faced him scornfully. "You mean that if I give you five hundred dollars you will never see me again?" she asked.

"That's about the size of it," he answered.

"I have five hundred left and you shall have it by the first post tomorrow," said the girl. "Give me your address."

"The Parker hotel," said Rankin.

That afternoon the girl drew all her money out of the bank and mailed it to him. No answer came, of which she was glad; but no Rankin returned. And Dorothy nerved herself to meet her husband on his return and keep the matter from him for his sake.

"Why, you look quite worn out, dearest," said Preston. "You'll have to run into the country for a few days' change."

She clung to him hysterically. "I don't want to leave you, Lawrence," she cried.

"What nonsense!" he answered, kissing her. "It will do you good, dear. You are as white as a rag. Come, I want you to go off on a little trip and freshen up."

Dorothy consented, and Preston spent a week in town alone. It was on the third day that a tramp, shuffling along the road, looked up at the house, saw Preston, and hesitated.

Then he went brazenly up the path and stood before him. Preston recognized the man and gasped.

"Rankin!" he cried.

"You've got me," answered Rankin.

"I thought you were dead."

"I guess you both did. Where's Dorothy?"

"Mrs. Preston is away," said Preston hotly.

Rankin grinned and seated himself upon the porch. "Let's talk like men," he said. "How much? How much for me to go away and never turn up again?"

"You blackmailer——"

"Oh, cut out the adjectives," said Rankin. "I guess it's worth five hundred to you not to let Do—I mean Mrs. Preston—know. Five hundred and you don't hear of me again."

"I'll give you five hundred," he said. "And—listen, you hound! If ever I see you again, I'll kill you. I'm a man of my word and I mean just that."

"That's all right," answered Rankin, easily. "Five hundred goes."

"Be back in an hour," said Preston, "and you shall have it."

An hour later Preston handed Rankin his money, and the man shuffled out of sight along the road.

Rankin did not call at Preston's house again. Perhaps he had a lurking fear of violence; perhaps his nerve was not equal to seeing Preston. He wrote a letter instead, asking for five hundred more. It was a letter typical of such a man, now threatening, now imploring, and winding up with the statement that he meant to take the money and go West.

Preston received the letter when he came home from business. When he had read it he sat with hardened face, thinking. He saw in this blackmailer a chronic feature of his life. He saw that in the man's death lay the only chance for Dorothy's happiness.

Rankin had asked Preston to meet him on the bridge across the river—a lonely spot in a deserted quarter of the town, given over only by day to factory activities. Preston put a loaded revolver into his pocket that night and walked briskly thru the town until he reached the rendezvous.

He Saw the Terror in the Blackmailer's Eyes.

As he stood on the bridge he saw the ragged figure approaching him from the low quarter of the town in which the Parker hotel was situated. Rankin saw Preston and hurried forward. He stopped a few feet away and looked at him inquiringly.

"I got your letter," said Preston calmly.

"Yes," said Rankin, deceived by the other's manner. "I meant to keep my promise to you. But I was slugged and robbed. And I've got to go West, and I'm stranded. If I stayed in town you know I'd be recognized and the truth would come out."

"It would," Preston agreed

"I've got to get out of town, then," said Rankin. "You'd better hand over that five hundred, and I'll take the first train for California in the morning."

"Rankin," said Preston, "you are supposed to have died in that train wreck."

"Yes, but I didn't, so what's the use of talking?" asked Rankin with a sneer, thinking that the other was temporizing.

"Nobody knows you didn't die," said Preston thoughtfully.

"I guess they will soon, if you don't come across," said Rankin threateningly.

"You are as good as dead, anyway," said Preston, as if talking to himself. "Is five hundred the least you will take, Rankin?"

"Not a cent less, and it's that or exposure," answered the other.

"There's an alternative."

"There is, eh?" demanded Rankin. "What?"

"This," answered Preston, drawing the revolver from his pocket and aiming it at Rankin's heart.

He saw the terror in the blackmailer's eyes; then pressing the muzzle to his breast, he fired. Without a sound the blackmailer toppled into the sluggish stream.

Preston dropped in the weapon after him and walked home.

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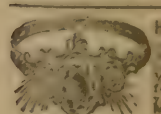

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The Tusker

(Continued From Page 6)

Henry. "Very pretty, indeed. Gentlemen of the sea sitting on the pleasant sand sort of friendly like and taking of a vote, all as natural as you please. And what was the result of the vote, Mister Tanner?"

Tanner winced at this heavy courtesy bestowed upon him.

"Mr. Peace," said he, "we have decided amongst us that we don't like the way you are a-handling of things."

"And theys truth to that," assented Munro.

"O, you, too, my pretty shipmet," said Peaceful Henry, casting a malignant glance in the direction of that person.

"Yes," said Munro. "That's what we decided. No one is a-saying that you ain't a capable sailor man, Mr. Peace, but we ain't used to no hard masters, we ain't, and we're a-going to ask you to step down and out."

"Reckon I'm a little hard, do you?" said Henry. "Well, now, that's a pity. A terrible pity it is that one should be over hard on such genteel and sweet creatures as you be. I suppose, now, that your hearts is almost broke, such soft and brittle hearts as they be."

"Awast with the sarcasm, Peace," broke in Tanner, somewhat encouraged now. "We voted that we want another skipper and that's the way it is. We ain't got no tender hearts and you knows it very well."

Henry stood stroking his chin, his steel hook dangling at his side as if quite helpless. "What else?" he demanded, still in a soft voice.

"Well," said Tanner, "you ain't showed no good intention of fetching out that junk."

Henry stepped back a pace. "Ain't showed no good intentions," he cried. "Can a man send a ship in the face of squalls without masts nor sails? Can a man fetch junk when the junk ain't to be fetched? Have I got it? Have you got it? Is that a nice way for seafaring gentlemen to accuse each other? Show me the man with the junk and I'll take him and it, too, and they's truth to that."

"Where's Bill Hines?" demanded Munro.

"Oho," exclaimed Henry, "so that's where the wind lays? Where's Bill Hines, eh? You ask me where's Bill Hines? Do you suppose I wouldn't be a hastening to the side of that loving shipmet if I knowed where he was?" And at this he cast a look over his shoulder at me.

His look was intended as one of pathos and deep grief in which he expected me to participate. But something in the demeanor of this fierce crew told me that grief for Bill Hines did not extend far.

"Why, now lookee," said Henry, resuming his confident discourse, "first you say I'm a hard man and then you accuse me of not playing fair with you. Then you accuse me of knowing all about Mr. Hines and his whereabouts. Which one shall I defend? Wouldn't it be better to take them up one at a time, eh, gentlemen? One at a time?"

Tanner wagged his head savagely. "One at a time or all at once," he said, "it's all the same to us. The answer is going to be all the same. Henry Peace has been voted out and out he goes. Also we have got an idea that Henry Peace had better play fair along of us."

The man with the steel hook for a hand stood at attention.

"Well," he said, carelessly, with a nod over his shoulder at me, "don't you know that Bill Hines had the misfortune of being washed overboard? And what could I have had to do with that sad happening?"

"You may tell that to the marines, Peace," exclaimed Tanner, and a chorus of angry shouts seemed to back him up in this assertion. "What's to prevent you from finding Hines and making off with him and the junk, too? That's what we'd like to know and that's what we're a-going to prevent."

Thru all of this harangue which seemed to me to get nowhere and only to arouse more enmity among men who already were savagely disposed, Peaceful Henry had stood with the utmost unconcern. But the men, after the first exchange between Tanner and their chief, had been shifting uneasily. Upon their first approach they were in a dangerous mood, I was sure of that. But Peaceful Henry's attitude had robbed them of morale. They had expected to find him afraid and eager to compromise. They found him not at all disturbed by their demands. Tanner had essayed to lead them in their mutiny. He could not now withdraw. He knew he had thrust himself into the teeth of a tiger and he must either destroy the tiger or be himself destroyed. Life with Peaceful Henry would not be worth living should he fail in his revolt and confess his weakness.

Henry still waited, surveying the men with a cool and reflective eye. Earlier, it had required but the movement of a hand to start matters rolling. Now the point of danger had passed. The men stirred about and grumbled. Presently Jap Tanner stepped back just one, little step. He glanced sidewise about him with his gaze averted from Peaceful Henry. Then it was that Henry burst out in a loud and mocking laugh. He half turned to me, still keeping an eye on the men, and plunged into a lengthy dissertation.

"Mr. Canning," said he, in his most unguent tones, "you see how it is when a seafaring man comes under the suspicion of his best friends. Here we are, as you say, all babes in the woods together and each one a-depending on the honor and religion of each other and yet there is such suspicions in the hearts of gentlemen. Would you believe it, Mr. Canning? Could you believe it? Here we have been a-sailing of the uncharted waters and a-blowed by storms and finally we comes to a lee shore. Here we are, all snug and comfortable like, just like so many persons a-setting out for a gospel meeting of a Sunday morning. Here the sun is a-shining and the sea calm and peaceful like. What would you of expected but that seafaring gentlemen would be like brothers, in a manner of speaking. And yet here comes gentlemen with evil thoughts in their minds and suspicions of their captain which has been so loving and prayerful and tender of them. Ain't it a sight fit to rend your heart, Mr. Canning?"

He paused as if he half expected me to agree to the sentiment he had expressed. He shook his head slowly and sorrowfully. Then he resumed his discourse.

"Do you know, Mr. Canning," he said, "do you know why it is that the gentlemen have not ventured farther with their unchristian spirits? Didn't you see them a-coming with evil looks on their faces and with their knives held fast in their hands by way of protest, as you might say? Seafaring gentlemen protesting against their skipper with knives in their hands? Now ain't that a most unlovely picture for to think about? Ain't it, indeed, sir?"

"Well," said he, still quite apologetically, "I'll tell you why it is the gentlemen have decided not to continue their protest. It is because they have been a-thinking the matter over very carefully. And they have reached the Christian belief that it wouldn't pay for to go ahead with such evil purposes."

Little by little, as he continued to speak, I could see that he was turning slowly toward the men until he was gazing straight into their faces and that he held their eyes as by some magnetic control. The sheer personal power of the man was more than a rebuke to the whole mutiny and I believed I could myself feel the cringing spirits of the revolters.

"And what's more," continued Henry, "the gentlemen know down in their hearts that this ain't all. They know that Peaceful Henry, which came by his name by right of the righteous and theological habits of him, is not going to let such a thing happen again. Also they know that Peaceful Henry cannot abide seafaring gentlemen which bears ill will against their leader. So Mr. Peace is now a-going to teach a little lesson in respect, so that there won't be no more talk about such vain things as hogging the junk and the unfortunate taking off of that loving comrade, Bill Hines."

During this unctuous palaver I could see that Jap Tanner was completely beaten. His hands twitched nervously at his trouser seams and his head turned from right to left as if searching eyes sought sympathy in those of his late subordinates. Finally, as Peaceful Henry concluded his sentence with a cold, steady glare at him, Tanner cried aloud and threw himself forward.

"No use saying more," he said, huskily; "I know what's in your mind. You're a-going to have it out of me and you'd as well begin. Go ahead, Henry."

"Why, now, Tanner," said Henry, "you're a-carrying on foolishly, ain't you, for a man which only just come upon me with evil looks and a steel in your hand. Does something make you think you are a-deserving of punishment?"

"Go ahead, I say," yelled Tanner. "What's the use of your going on with your honey words and all that talk when you know it's me you're a fixing on?"

Peaceful Henry's gentle attitude changed on the instant. His ferocious face became one of demoniac fury.

"Tanner," he said, "do you know what I'm a-going to do to you? You don't, eh? Well, I'll tell you. I'm a-going to see that you don't start any more mutinies against the law of seafaring gentlemen."

Tanner was shivering in his tracks, but he made a futile effort to throw up his guard and defend himself. It was no use. Peaceful Henry was upon him like the tiger he was. The men drew back crouching in fear. I saw Henry's left arm rise and fall with a flash of the steel hook that was his hand. There was a sharp impact as of steel on bone. Tanner sank to the sand. Peaceful

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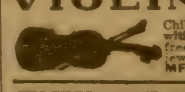

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Henry stepped back and viewed his victim.

"Gentlemen," he said, in his old, soothing tone, "there is times when discipline must be enforced harshly. Mr. Tanner had blood on his hands—I think you know what I mean—and then he had unrighteous notions. I am a very orthodox man and this should be a lesson to us all. We will have a season of prayer."

And before my astonished gaze this monster of perversion deliberately bowed his head and prayed loudly and mightily.

CHAPTER XI.

A WEIRD FUNERAL.

JAP TANNER'S miniature revolution was at an end; and with it the life of that rascally and overbrave rebel. His life had been the forfeit for his ambition to lead. The crazy crew was thoroly subdued and now slunk about at the sign of Peaceful Henry whose temperature had not been in the least disturbed by the murder he had accomplished. Often, afterward, I wondered what might have happened to me had the ruffians been successful in their design upon Peace. Without any restraining hand upon them they certainly would have done for me on that bleak stretch of sand because, as I later learned, they suspected me of some intrigue, tho what it was I could never make out, for Jap Tanner had no reason to think I had any engagement beforehand with Peace in that isolated spot.

When Tanner fell lifeless under that hammer blow of Peaceful Henry's steel hook I saw the men draw back into a knot of hushed and humbled slaves; they were nothing more under the lash of Peace's distemper. My astonishment at Peace's extraordinary supplication was in no wise lessened when I saw the men slowly and abashedly pull their slouch hats from their heads and stand in a most prayerful attitude.

When Henry had prayed he looked up thoughtfully and signed to one of the men, Jubal Dork, it was.

"Mister Dork," he said. Dork raised his eyes at this salutation. "Mister Dork, I've decided to raise you to mate."

"Yes, sir," said Dork, with a most hang dog look.

"You and Mister Gant will see about a proper and religious funeral for our late and loving comrade, Jap Tanner," he said. The monstrous hypocrisy of this proceeding completely passed over me, so sullen was the whole affair and so bereft of the slightest sympathy.

"And here you, Munro," he called out, "lend a hand. Make a hole back there in the sand. A couple of you men move with him."

The sharpness with which Peaceful Henry addressed himself to Munro gave me new misgivings for I knew that the part played by that unlucky seaman would not stead him when came the proper moment for Peace to wreak his vengeance. And Munro was nervous with the knowledge that he stood low in the master's esteem.

For myself I knew I was in serious enough a pickle without worrying about the plight of the rovers. With a half a mind I could reason that Bill Hines was the person most sought after by the crew of the Joly Rogger and that Peaceful Henry would by all means cling to me until I had led him to the vagrant. Wherefore I took no chances with attempting to flee but rather loitered about Peace and watched, with a moody heart, the preparations for the funeral of Jap Tanner.

Presently Munro and a fellow called Blackie Jute and Jake Markle had finished scooping a hollow out of the sand and this, the last resting place of Tanner, was surrounded. The body of the murdered man was placed in it and then Peaceful Henry recited a bit of Scripture at random. This finished, there was another prayer by the skipper.

"Now," said Peace, "we'll sing, by way of a hymn."

For the first time since the revolt started I was able to detect the least sign of amusement on the faces of the crew. The suggestion that a hymn be sung by such a godless and rapscallion gathering seemed too much for their sense of humor. I saw Blackie Jute quietly nudge Ranse Lynch in the side. And then, as if the minds of all centered on the sole and only vocal music they knew they burst forth, halting at first, and then robustly, with:

We'll rig a plank to th' stabbord rail;
Sing ho, for Cap'n Kidd—
A knife an' a gun an' a spanking gale—
Yo ho, for Cap'n Kidd.

Peaceful Henry had joined in on the last words of the piratical stanza and now he stood smiling.

"In a manner of speaking," said he, "in a manner of speaking, that were very well rendered indeed. I don't know as I ever saw a seafaring gentleman as ever got a better farewell than Mister Tanner as lies here so peaceful and nothing more to worry about. And now as we have all seen how quiet and peaceful to be a-lying there it is, I take it we are all prepared to go on with such work as the Scriptures point out for honest mariners to do."

SO SAYING, Peaceful Henry turned abruptly from the scene and led the way back to the beach. Here I got

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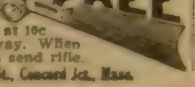

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another and better idea of what had occasioned the revolt. There was a small cask of rum reposing in the bow of the boat. I knew that Jap Tanner had plied his companions with rum enough to set them against Peaceful Henry; but evidently he had not used enough persuasion. We all sat down to take up, as Henry put it, a council of war, Henry first doling out to the men a pannikin of rum.

I suppose I aroused a spirit of curiosity among the rough fellows by my refusal to partake of the burning liquid. Perhaps my studies were the cause of my total abstinence. I believe I have mentioned that chemistry was my chief interest in school and I suppose it was my thoro knowledge of the contents of alcoholic drink and my knowledge of its action on the human organs that led me on all occasions to eschew it. It is sufficient to say that the studious side of me took more interest in observing the effects of the grog on the sailors than my thirsty side would have taken in its use. I could think of only one thing I wanted most to do, and that was make a chemical analysis of the stuff; presently I laid this aside with a smile at the ingeniousness of it. Much as I yearned for my old laboratory and my studies, such things were far behind me now, I reflected.

"Now, gentlemen," Peaceful Henry was saying, "After taking the bearings of this here barren coast I take it that the first thing to do is to make fast for the night and begin bright and early in the morning to look about us."

I knew this was intended for me, because Henry tossed me an ingratiating glance as he spoke. I knew he intended on the morrow to have me lead him to the haven of Bill Hines, tho I still had not the remotest notion of why Bill was wanted. There was nothing in Peace's attitude toward the men which made me think it was sympathy for the shipwrecked Hines. A feeling that new ills were in store for Hines made me think of fleeing from the sailors to warn Hines of their approach. I knew I must do this discreetly for I would be watched closely I knew. Now I feared that I would be taken aboard the Joly Roggers for the night, from which escape would be difficult.

Peace had said nothing to indicate that he intended to prevent my departure. Yet I concluded that a quiet and secret leave taking would be more to my purpose. I waited patiently for Peace to make his disposition for the night and was greatly relieved to hear him order Tom Gant, Jake Markle and Steve Munro to return to the Joly Roggers and remain there for the night.

"And in the morning, lads," said he, "fetch off with a bit of food. Mind you don't lay too close to the grog while you're aboard, neither."

The rest of us were to remain ashore. I received this with a sigh of satisfaction. Gant, Markle and Munro pulled away in the boat after first removing some pea jackets and small dunnage stowed in the bow. These things together with the cask of grog seemed the total of their immediate baggage. But I presumed they had plenty of effects on board the ship.

Peaceful Henry now set himself about the arrangements for the night. I saw he was not going to be received by the semi-barbaric population of this wind-swept sand with any great ovation but the few Eskimos and the half-breed traders had seen enough of his sinister behavior toward his own men to convince them that docility would be rewarded by an escape from trouble so they took out their protests against Peaceful Henry's invasion of their property rights in sullenness. Henry found, by questioning the half-breeds, that one of the dilapidated huts was unoccupied, whereupon this was instantly commandeered by the remnant of the crew. Being thus comfortably established for the night, the sailors bent their attention to the grog cask with such zeal that long before dark they were well on their way to complete and jubilant intoxication.

I remarked about this to Peaceful Henry. "I should think," said I, "that so much drinking would be bad for discipline."

He wagged his head sagely. "Never fear, comrade," said he. "A born commander of men keeps them drugged, he does. When men is kept in close confinement without any chance to let out the evil that's in them, they chafe under the bonds, in a manner of speaking. But let them carouse and forget where they come from or where they're a-going or what they're a-doing and a fine lot of ship-scuttlers you'll have, and they's truth to that."

But I noticed that Peaceful Henry himself drank very judiciously, only wetting his lips occasionally at the cask. This, he informed me, was by way of maintaining a sort of camaraderie and to keep all men on the same level.

"But just theoretically," said he, winking hugely. "Comradeship between commanders and men is only making the men believe it. Let one of them swine lay a hand toward me and I'll cleave his nasty skull. That's how far a commander is a comrade to his men."

Soon the men were nodding in their orgy and after a time the wash of the sea and the fresh wind put them fast asleep. As fast as they dozed Peaceful Henry dragged them into the hut which was to be our encampment. Finally, when none remained awake, Peace and I went in and laid down. Peace dropped instantly into a deep slumber, but there was no sleep for me and this set me to thinking. Surely, I reflected, if I was to be watched this was a poor way of going about it. With all the sailors asleep and stupid from grog, and the watchful Henry with them, I was little hampered.

Next week's installment tells how Canning fared when he tried to escape from Pence and his band of cut-throats, and of the mysterious events that followed.

The Silver Spike

(Continued From Page 9)

screened by a small, circular tent pitched on the field; evidence of the quick, thoro work Soracco had made of the entire proceeding.

Hurriedly the gray-haired, gray-eyed war veteran—for Walter had not failed to recognize the D. S. C. he wore—made his way to the tented spot. Hurriedly, fascinatedly, drawn on by he knew not what, Walter trudged at his heels. Soracco lifted a flap as they neared the canvas inclosure. Walter stooped and followed Neely Hawkins into the tent. The flap fell in place behind them.

Soracco's clear voice sounded. Others were hastily approaching. The magician's hand rested on a guy rope. "To grant them at least a little privacy," he explained. And the fast-collecting crowd hesitated, held itself a little aloof.

A sharp-pointed shovel lay on the ground inside the tent which was the focal point of a thousand eyes. Feverishly Neely Hawkins stooped, plucked from the earth the tiny stake to which the converging cords were attached, then reached for the digging tool.

Already Walter had picked it up.

"Another here!" Hawkins' voice sounded strange, resentful—then became curiously apologetical. "I—I thought I was alone. But I see it's you, Kearny. I——"

"I'll dig for you," said Walter dazedly.

IT WAS 5 o'clock. Singleton, unable to find Clarence Miles, and seething over the failures of the day, stood at the outskirts of the crowd collected in the open field. The humming of a motor caught his ear and he turned to see a closed car slow down and stop near the big-barred gate of the fenced athletic inclosure. The familiarity of the automobile's lines caused him to hurry toward it.

On the way he bumped into Arthur Busy Benson, whose left eyelid was aflutter. With a scowl he would have brushed the publicity man aside, but Benson's destination chanced to be the same as his own.

Bigelow, too, had turned on hearing the machine's approach, but he contented himself with watching it from where he stood. Similar was the case of the discomfited Clarence Miles, who had hurried to the gymnasium with his clothes as soon as he had completed his relay lap. Miles hadn't the least intention of encountering the furious Singleton, if he could avoid it. He sat on the gymnasium steps and watched proceedings.

As the driver leaped out, Singleton was upon him with: "Parrott, what in the devil did you let Kearny do to you? Why didn't you let me know that he had escap——"

Nick Parrott, his razor-creased trousers and cocotan boots little the worse for the long drive from Bolton, stared at the lawyer in mute astonishment. Benson's elastic eyelid attempted to turn a triple somersault.

"What are you trying to get at, Boss?" demanded the puzzled and purple Nick. "Kearny never did anything to me. He's been a good little dog. I haven't lost sight of him since we left the stage door last night. Have I, Kearny?" He raised his voice. "Come on out."

The rear side door was opened. A voice greeted them. "I'll come out, all right, Parrott, but I must confess that I'm sick of having you call me Kearny. My name's Wallace Haynes. I've worked for Soracco the Seer ever since a man named Bilky Andrews flew the job. Hello, Benson!" exclaimed Walter Kearny's perfect double, as he stepped from the machine.

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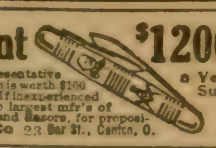

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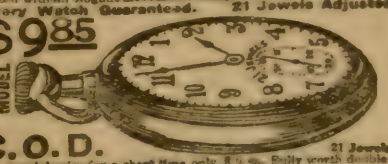

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the emotions racing across the countenances of Singleton and Nick Parrott, in the foreground; Bigelow, at the edge of the crowd; and white-cheeked Clarence Miles on the gymnasium steps. At any rate, some of the amazing things they had witnessed the evening before in the Grand Theater were remarkably clarified for Bigelow and Miles, once they comprehended that the newcomer couldn't possibly be Kearny.

"Better steer in that direction," and Benson pointed out the tent to Wallace Haynes. Then he turned to await the vocal onslaught of the gigantic lawyer from Brentwood.

"SHE has been here!" came a muttering from the tent's interior. The flap was lifted aside, and Neely Hawkins, in his hand a tarnished silver cigar case, stepped forth. Walter followed him out. "I know she has been here," the ex-soldier continued to mumble, "because this is an old possession of my own that I left at home when I went to war. And the medal's here, too. But the letter and the picture that Madame Rhea described—they are not here! Some one has——"

"What's that?" Soracco's clear voice questioned. "Everything not according to Madame Rhea's revelation? Are you sure?"

"The earth was very soft," volunteered Kearny. "Maybe some one else has been digging here recently."

"And the cigar case was empty, save for the medal," added the older man.

Soracco was silent for a few seconds Then: "Wait two minutes till I can see my press agent," and he hurried away toward the gate of the fenced track.

At that moment Kearny's hazel eyes met Alice Murdock's brown ones, and in them he read a mighty appeal. Impetuously he crossed to where she stood, a little inside the ring of spectators.

"Walter," she begged softly, "I hope you'll forgive me."

"Forgive you, Alice? Why, of course I will, if there's anything——"

"It was all my fault. My eyes deceived me, and then I was silly enough to listen to Mr. Miles. But I realize my mistake now. I realized it as soon as I saw that closed automobile pull away from the stage door last night."

"You're another victim of——"

"I thought I met you on the street yesterday, and that you didn't speak to me. But it wasn't you. It was a man who's your perfect image. But I didn't know it then, and I felt hurt. But when I saw him get into the automobile last night I recognized my error. For in the theater, when you went up on the stage, I saw your poison-oak blisters on the back of your hand plainly thru my opera glasses. But later—outside—the man who entered the closed car rested his right hand for an instant on the door—and then I knew. His hand was perfectly smooth. But even without that I ought to have known better. He wore a hat just like yours, but you left yours under your seat when you stepped to the stage."

The senior smiled. "Alice. I'm glad——"

"Here he comes now, Walter," she exclaimed, for the first time aware of the nearness of Kearny's double. "Who is he, anyway? Is it any wonder that I——"

For reply, Kearny, his face aglow, in his breast an emotion new to his experience, extended his hand as the newcomer made his way thru the crowd toward him. A little awed at the remarkable resemblance: "Brother Wallace," he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XVI.

BENSON'S TASK COMPLETED.

WHEN Arthur Benson turned to face Singleton, the Brentwood shyster, that big-bodied parcel of ugliness had glared at him for fully half a minute in ominous silence. Finally the thick lips parted and a volley of rage came forth. "I'll get you, Benson, for what you've done! No one double-crosses me but once—and he always lives to regret it. You've done me out of a pile of money, ringing in a double on me!" The giant towered above the press agent, his loose jowl quaking.

With a fluttering of the left eyelid, "Calm yourself, Singleton," Benson made reply. "You only got what you were entitled to. A dirty deal is all right, so long as you are engineering it. But when the hand's in the other glove——"

"I trusted you too far," the criminal lawyer fumed. "I ought to have known better than to believe you when you said you had money up on Brentwood. But you were so darned smooth that you disarmed me. But there's a time ahead, Benson!" he threatened, in a slightly lower voice. "You'll regret as long as you live that——"

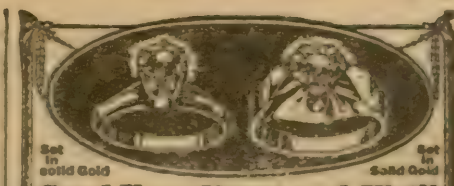
"Bosh!" commented the entirely tranquil press representative of Soracco the Seer. "You aren't expecting to frighten me?" He laughed. "As a usual thing, Singleton," he continued, "I'm not a liar. But when I was wised to your rotten game I didn't object in the least to stringing you along, if I could circumvent your plans in that way. I'm not a betting man—never was. But my boss, Soracco—well, the sporting instinct's in his blood. He was more than tickled to put up that two thousand when he learned the lay of the land. But where's Bilky? I want to make good whatever he lost—because he can't afford to lose it, and because I don't hold him personally responsible for what you tried to pull off."

Singleton glared skeptically at him. "Bilky lost nothing," he sneered. "And if he had, I imagine you digging down!"

Benson shrugged his shoulders, and instantly wheeled, at the touch of a hand on his back. "Oh! Only you, Soracco?" His face lighted up. Then, seeing the odd look in the magician's eyes, "What's up?"

"The devil's to pay, Art! Some one has meddled. The silver cigar-case turned up all right—but it contained nothing but the medal."

"What!" Blank dismay paralyzed Ben-



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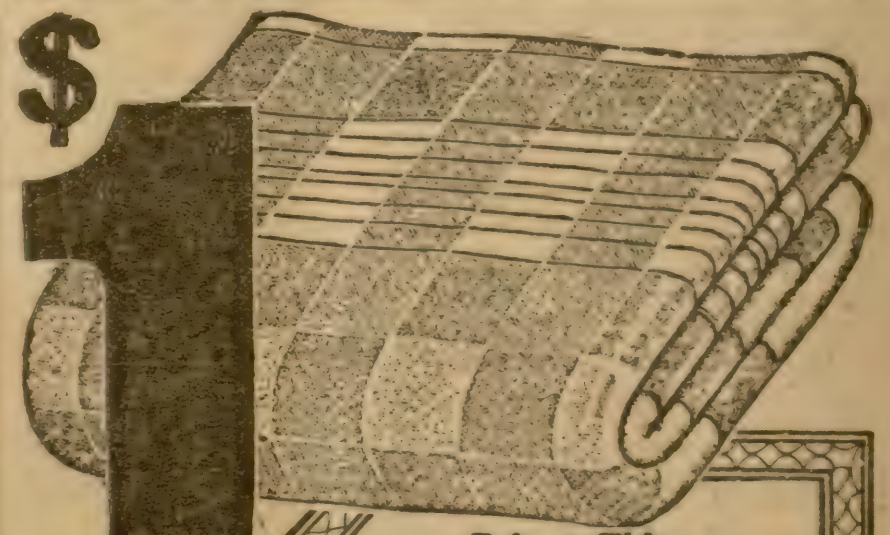

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son's usually active eyelid. "And after all I did to insure success! But how in thunder—unless some one watched me dig——"

"Oh, Benson." Overhearing the reference to digging, the big Brentwood lawyer, a look of cunning in his coarse face, had uttered the words.

Arthur Busy turned to him. "Well?" His tone was bored.

"Are you talking about what that fellow with the scarred cheek is looking for?"

"Yes."

"Just what is it?"

Something in Singleton's expression aroused the publicity man's curiosity. "It's something that's of no concern or intrinsic value to any one on earth except that man and one or two others. But why do you ask?"

"I was wondering." A more satisfied look was coming into the big man's eyes. "You're not the only one who has dealt crookedly with me, Benson. But getting even with you can wait. I have a pretty good idea where what you're looking for can be found."

Arthur Busy looked at him in disbelief.

Singleton continued: "Remember the night you called on me at the house? Well, just before you arrived, another party left."

"I met him in your front yard," put in the press agent. "But I didn't recognize him."

Singleton nodded. "I reached him by 'phone, just after you left and I put him on your trail. He followed you to Circle City and on up to the campus. He watched you dig. He phoned me about it the next morning. But he played me false there!" he added angrily. "He must have—for he said you found nothing when you dug."

Benson's eyelid resumed its normal activity. "Then of course it's he!" he exclaimed. "He waited till I cleared out—then helped himself. Who was he, Singleton?"

The lawyer hesitated. "Don't imagine for an instant that I'm doing this to help you out, Benson. But if you can make it hot for him, it will help square my quarrel with him. Ours can wait. Somehow, I believe you when you say that the scar-faced man is the only one who would benefit." The big man, eyes alert, was gazing over Benson's shoulder, up the turfed slope. "But, if it is worthless except to the rightful owner," he added meditatively, "I don't see what made that double-dealer lie to me about it. However, I'll take a chance. There's your man, Benson, sitting by himself on the gymnasium steps. But don't turn around too suddenly, or you'll frighten him away." And, turning to his silent chauffeur, "Hop in, Nick. We're off for Brentwood."

But Mr. Arthur Busy Benson, when he had ascertained the identity of the man in question, could readily account for his motive in making away with the cigar-case's contents, excepting the medal. For Soracco's hired brains had not forgotten Clarence Miles' attitude toward a fellow athlete, when first he had encountered him, that Monday afternoon, not ten yards from where he stood at this moment. Nor had he overlooked the little episode he had watched last evening from the Grand Theater balcony.

With a whispered word to Soracco, they started out in opposite directions, making a detour, so as not to arouse Miles' suspicion, should he be watching them.

WHEN Wallace Haynes, an amazed look in his hazel eyes, took Walter's hand in his own, "Even tho we didn't come face to face in the theater last night," he said, "I knew, of course, that I was to meet my double today. And Benson hinted there was a surprise in store for me. But I had no idea it was to be a twin brother!" he exclaimed.

He gazed queerly, yearningly, into his physical counterpart's eyes. "Are you sure? You have proof? I was raised in an orphanage. I never was able to learn who my parents were. I've been told I was rescued when the Welton Hotel burned years ago in San Francisco."

Filled with a new emotion, "Read this," Walter said chokily, handing him a letter bearing a special-delivery stamp. "But first let me introduce Miss Alice Murdock," he added, embarrassedly. "She mistook you for me yesterday."

In a moment the eyes of the other were coursing down the closely written sheet.

"My dear Walter," the letter ran, "you must prepare yourself for the shock this will give you. I have done you a wrong I never can right, despite the torment my conscience has given me these many years. I was a slacker—of the worst sort. From the day war was declared, back in 1917, I feared that somehow I might be drawn into it. But, thank heaven, you no longer need consider me your father. I have just spoken with a stranger, and he has shown me that at least I must tell you the truth about yourself. If he still lives, you have a twin brother.

"I had a son, myself. He would have been of about your age, had it not been for the hotel disaster. His mother and I had living quarters in the Welton Hotel, where I was employed as night clerk. One March evening in 1918, a woman in mourning, with twin sons a few months old, registered at the desk, and was shown to a room in the same corridor as my own.

"Three hours later, in the terrible fire whose origin never has been determined, all I held dear perished. I tried to reach the third floor, but a fireman—the father of your classmate, Clarence Miles—coming down stairs deterred me. In his arms were two infants—you and your brother.

"Miles told me of wrestling them from the lifeless arms of their mother, the woman in black—stark fear must have killed her, for the babies were unharmed—only a few seconds before the entire end of the corridor collapsed into the inferno below. Forty-seven perished that dread night, including my own wife and son, whose charred remains never could be identified.

"A wild frenzy seized me. My brain became a maelstrom. In my madness I seized one of the infants—you—from Miles' arms. Into his amazed face I shouted that you were my own. He leered at me; he asked me about the other. Then the crazy fear of the draft, added to my other agony, must have bereft me of my senses. I threatened, implored him to let me keep you as my own, and to hold his silence. I offered him money—a lot of it. And there on the smoky stairs we struck a bargain.

"But we got out none too soon. The Welton was a rotten structure. Five minutes after we left it lay in ruins—records, everything, lost.

"You and your brother wore lockets—on yours was engraved the name Walter, on his Wallace. There was nothing else to identify you by. I only know that, no one claiming your brother, he was taken in by the St. Orr Orphanage. I hid your locket (I am mailing it to you under separate cover) and raised you as my own. Thru Miles' influence I became a member of the fire department, doubly insuring against being drafted. Miles kept my secret, and, when it seemed a sure thing that the Armistice would be signed by Germany, he resigned from the department and enlisted in the Marines.

"For a long time I could not recall the name your mother had registered under. But, chancing to look over an old copy of a Coppertown newspaper, I ran across a birth notice, and instantly was reminded of her name. I clipped it and saved it. You will find it inclosed. As your mother was in black, I take it she was a widow.

"Walter, you have been all a son could be to me. And you can't imagine how it grieves me to set down these words. I can only crave your forgiveness, and pray that your brother lives, and that you may find him.

"Penitently,
"DANIEL KEARNY."

"What a torture it must have been for him to write this," said Wallace gravely, as he passed the envelope and its contents back to Walter.

The Hazelton senior handed the missive to Alice, who had stood quietly watching Wallace's expressive face as he read. "Are you satisfied?" Walter asked him, bringing forth the little locket. He snapped it open, revealing two photographs, one inside each cover. One was a chubby infant's face, the other the same child's naked back, revealing on the left shoulder a tiny, dark, cross-shaped birthmark.

"I am," responded his brother solemnly. "I've always worn mine around my neck." He got it out and opened it. "You see, Walter, I have a birthmark identical with yours, only it's on the right shoulder. I'll show——"

"Why, Walter!" It was Alice. She had just read the clipped birth notice. He turned to her in mild surprise.

CLARENCE MILES started to his feet at the sound of approaching footsteps. But he was too late, for already Soracco and Benson had closed on him.

"I—I meant no harm!" he bickered

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gravenly, his teeth chattering. "I have them in my pocket. I meant to return them——"

"Until you found out what they were," sarcastically interposed the press agent. "You cur!" he ejaculated. "You've broken the seal of this letter!"

"I imagine," put in Soracco pointedly, "that Circle City will be too warm to hold you, as soon as this gets out."

But he need not have spoken, for Miles, with the cunning of a cornered fox, had seen an opening and seized the opportunity to escape. Like a frightened jack-rabbit he circled the end of the gymnasium building.

They did not attempt to follow him, for the grayed man with the scarred cheek, tired of waiting, had espied them, and was hurrying toward them. "Miles had better steer clear of Singleton, as well as Circle City," Benson mused aloud, as he watched the older man approach.

Neely Hawkins took the photograph and letter with a trembling hand. He kissed the picture, a group photograph, unashamed. Then, with a choky, "thanks," he removed the letter from its envelope, and stumbled slowly down the slope, oblivious of the hundreds of spectators who still remained, but who held themselves a respectable distance aloof.

"My darling Neely," his feverish eyes began to read. "At last I have given up all hope that you may be alive. The official telegram, announcing that you are missing in action, reached me at Howell, six months ago. With you gone, and no other friends, I had grown to loathe the place. I waited two months, but could stand it no longer. I moved to Coppertown, where I am writing these last few lines to you. I haven't even written the government of my change of address. I don't need the allowance. I have money.

"I am heart-broken, Neely. Yet I have one solace—but I can remain here no longer. I can stay nowhere long. I leave for San Francisco next week. But even as I write I feel vaguely that I go to face a fresh disaster. Yet why try to avoid it? Before I leave, I shall go to Circle City to the old Hazelton Campus—to the spot known only to you and me. I shall bury this letter and a photograph there, for I feel that you and I never will meet again in this world. But who dares say that this message will not reach you—your spirit—even tho you lie fallen on the——"

The last paragraph of Martha Hawkins' letter had had to do with the mark of the cross! Tears of joy coursed down the ex-soldier's cheeks as he hurried to them. All had not been in vain!

And Alice's moist brown eyes, dropping for the dozenth time to the newspaper clipping, read:

"Born, in this city, Jan. 5th, to the wife of Neely Hawkins, twin sons."

SORACCO and Benson, still on the gymnasium, fascinatedly watched the little pantomime below. "Art," said the Seer soberly, "you have the intuition of a woman!"

Arthur Busy's left eyelid misbehaved as he smiled in embarrassment. "It was nothing," he remarked. "Just the every-day grind. You sent me ahead to Circle City with instructions to dig up something big. Bearing my mission in mind, it didn't take much ingenuity to rig up a whale of an illusion when I discovered a Hazelton runner who was the perfect double of our Wallace Haynes.

"From then on, luck was with me, and the thing grew of its own accord. Miles informed me that Walter's father was a Frisco fireman, and that brought to mind Wallace—his having been rescued from a hotel fire and his being an orphan supposedly. Then, in a the cabin above the campus, I discovered that the little old gentleman's profile was a dead ringer for Walter's and Wallace's. The story he told me, the finding of the buried cigar-case with the picture of a mother and twin infants it contained, and my interview in Frisco with Daniel Kearny, the fireman—these cinched the matter; sealed it tighter than a drum.

"But don't you think it looks rotten, Soracco, for us to derive publicity from their plight? For when they talk—and they're bound to—we're certain to benefit a thousandfold. Still," he added, "I don't know as we carried it too far. To this moment I haven't the slightest idea what the old gentleman's name is! At least, we've brought happiness to three persons—whether magic had anything to do with it or not."

"Four," corrected Soracco stolidly, pointing to the group below. The girl, who had been standing a little aloof, was looking into Walter's face, as she rushed into the inviting haven of his outstreched arms.

They turned soberly away. "His father was a hero—not a slacker!" observed Benson, as the low drone of a motor, high above, drew his eyes upward.

It was the evening aero-express out of Circle City.

The End.

It Paid.

"Doctor, was the operation successful?"

"Absolutely. His life insurance exactly covered the bill."

The Daring of the Doomed

By Alvah Milton Kerr

Tigerish in battle, obedient to every command, the simple soldier transcended the rules of war and was condemned to die, but lived long enough to be a hero.

[Copyright, 1919, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

INSPIRED, as we are, by the splendid acts of many heroes during the World War, one wonders sometimes how it was in the day when men fought to preserve the American Union. Did men sacrifice then as in these recent tremendous days? Here is the story of one of the most humble of all the soldiers that fought for the Union, the story of his love and how he paid "the last full measure of devotion."

His parentage was a mystery, since he had been found in a copper wash-boiler at the door of Squire Pearson's milk-house, when, early one fine June morning, good Aunt Pearson went down to that place of dripping coolness to bring some cream for the coffee. The motherly woman had been at once impressed with the necessity of giving a home to the foundling, tho the Squire had been averse to extending such succor until the ascertained sex of the child had made it seem probable that the charity would be profitable

In the end the child was taken to raise by the Pearsons, or rather he was thrust into their keeping by a Providence very hard to refuse. He never learned to write. To read was an accomplishment of absolutely no moment to the boy, and to the man, an achievement almost painfully difficult. Indeed if his opportunities had been greater, and they could not have been less, it may be doubted if the wild and heedless fellow would have ever taken time

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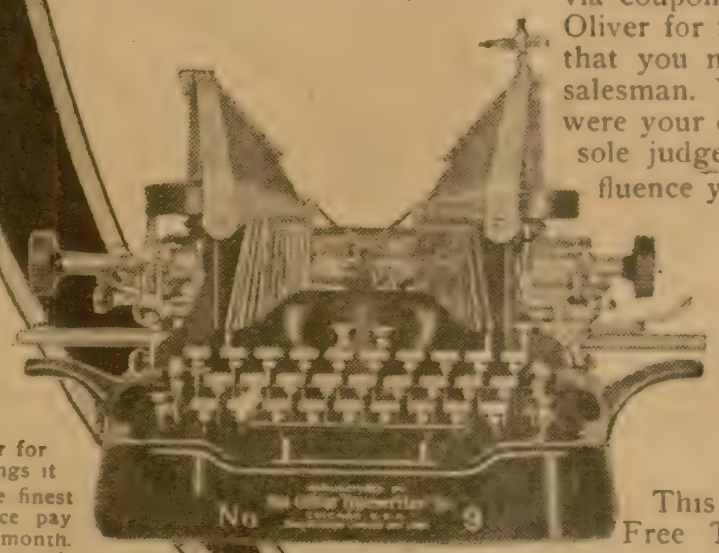

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to master anything. As it was, no one ever seemed to care if Jim Pearson, locally known as "Biler Jim," acquired even the very rudimentary knowledge of books which, accompanied by a deal of "hickory" was given the young "Gumites" at the log schoolhouse down by the creek.

But when it came to a question of rough labor, Jim was phenomenal—doubtless because so little energy centered in his head and so much in his lusty body. However, he was not always a safe quantity for Squire Pearson to count on in harvest time, or haying, or when cutting hoop-poles or chopping cord wood on the timbered side of the Gum. In such important periods it was not improbable that Jim would go off hunting, or up the creek to Catville on a "fighting spree." But when he did choose to work he was of such unusual force and value that the impatient but crafty old Squire bore his wild, rollicking ways with unruffled outward grace. There was no denying the fact that Jim was illusive, like the matter of his birth. He would no more stand pressure when a boy, if you wished to retain him, than a fresh-caught eel.

With the first indication of coercion he would disappear across the hills only to "turn up" in some neighbor's field, where he would go to work entirely as if it were a matter of course, taking his food and lodging from the neighbor in the same frank communal spirit. When he had had enough of the place he would shoulder the neighbor's gun, and again disappear, perhaps to reappear at the Squire's next day loaded down with game and in the pink of good humor. That the neighbors might not reap more largely of his protege's energy than himself, the Squire learned to deal very leniently with Jim, thus adding to that gift of irresponsibility which had seemingly been sown in the foundling's nature at birth.

But fortunately there was one being for whom Jim had carried about a sweetening regard in his reckless young heart from the first—the old Squire's d ghter, Violet. She was a large-eyed, frail little creature as a child and grew up thin, freckled and weakly. But to stalwart Jim she was the sum total of all graces and commendable things, and he was ready at any moment to stake his life in her service or defense. As they progressed toward years of discretion he found that Violet, who had known him as her playmate and champion from childhood, had given him her heart entirely. This sobered him a little, and for a long time, with an eye to its perpetuity, they kept their love a secret from the old Squire and his wife, while Jim worked very hard.

SEVERAL times, however, during these years of waiting, Jim went off on "fighting sprees" and hunting expeditions that wasted days of precious planting or harvesting time. These performances continued his reputation for wildness; but presently he rented a piece of land up toward Catsville, built a cabin upon it, and bought himself a team. Then he came boldly out for Violet, and after weeks of tempestuous parental opposition, they were married and settled in the little cabin, Squire Pearson's wedding gift being a cow and calf and two pigs, with a feather bed, two pillows and a box of linen from the mother. Then things went swimmingly with "Biler Jim." A supreme passion dominated him; he became temperate and worked like a fiend, and at the end of three years had bought and paid for the poor little brush farm, and felt himself a king.

In the fullness of time another Violet came to Jim, tiny, blue-eyed, and pink, and after that he was the happiest man on Gum Creek. Then came the Civil War, and the trials that ended in tragedy for "Biler Jim."

He knew but little about the causes of the war between the North and South, and cared less. The peacefulness of his poor little home, his frail Violet, whom he loved so well, and the tiny, blue-eyed baby that cuddled up against his breast every night and went to sleep, filled him with happiness. He could not bear the thought of going away from them, to lose his life perhaps, and leave them destitute. Besides, the noise and rancor of the great conflict came but little into the secluded corner of the world where he had made his humble paradise.

True, they occasionally had it "warm" in a political way down in the Gum settlement, but Jim now seldom went down that way, and, as he read scarcely at all, the tremendous struggle and its interests took but little hold upon him. At length, however, the draft began to draw upon the brawn and muscle of the region, and one day Jim mounted his horse and rode clear over to the county seat, twenty miles away, to investigate. When he returned that night he said to Violet:

"I must go, Vi; I'm no sneakin' coward es has to be cotched an' drug inter a fight, es ye know. I didn't count on hit's bein' any of my wrassel, but hit 'pears like hit air after all. They say over thar at Cranetown es th' country an' all of our homes air likely to be tuck an' destroyed by th' rebs, an' I'm goin' to do my juty like a man, an' 'ithout anybuddy a-draggin' me to hit. They've been fightin' at Paducah over th' river, not er hundred mile off, an' I mustn't be triflin' roun' har any longer."

Violet's big eyes opened with horror, then they filled with tears, as they did again many and many a time in the long, dreary days that followed. So "Biler Jim" went to the war for the Union, knowing and caring little about its awful meaning, beyond his personal part in the defense of Violet and his babe, and that his reputation as a brave man might not suffer.

BUT he fought as he had worked—like a fiend—and his name of "Biler Jim" went with him. He laughed and sung upon the long marches when other men were dropping from the ranks with weariness; he starved without a murmur; he slept in the cold rain, only to waken the camp at dawn with a yell of merriment; but at the bottom of his heart was a hunger for home which was far more difficult to endure than all his physical hardships.

Often when he stood on guard, looking up to the silent stars from some hillside, or standing alone in the rainy darkness in some noisome swamp, the tears would run down his cheeks and his heart would ache with the intensity of his longing. But when daylight came and he was among his comrades he was the most rollicking, dare-devil man of all.

One of the cruelest privations it fell to his lot to bear was the fact that he could not write to Violet. If he could have unburdened his whole soul to her in words, his yearnings and his deep concern for her safety and comfort, it would have helped him. As it was he had the captain of his company write for him occasionally, and at long intervals received letters from his wife, telling of her struggles with poverty and sickness, and imploring him to come home.

But he remained firm; he could not afford to destroy his reputation as a soldier, for every officer in the regiment, from colonel down, knew of "Biler Jim," and praised his feats of daring.

At length, when Vicksburg was entirely invested, came his fatal moment of weakness, or strength, as the reader may regard it. That day the captain of the company handed Jim a letter from Violet. At the private's request the officer read it to him. It was couched in homely but tender language, and told a pitiful tale of want and sickness. Little Violet was lying at the point of death and the mother herself was bedfast. It closed pathetically. "Dear Jim," it said, "if you love baby and me any more, and want to see us alive, get a furlough and come home."

Then the dauntless fellow's fire of enthusiasm went out. "I mus' go," he said, entreatingly to the captain. "He'p me to git a furlough."

Together they went to the colonel, but he said, kindly, but firmly: "No, we need you too much just now, my man. We are granting furloughs only to the sick. We expect to have a great battle soon, and can't spare men like you."

THAT night Jim was standing guard alone in the darkness out on the advanced line of pickets. Jim's heart seemed breaking with home-sickness, and the pictures his imagination painted of his dying baby and his helpless wife. The enemy before him was as nothing to this foe which was destroying all that he prized and loved the most.

Officers might preach of patriotism and the demands of duty, but with his wife and child starving and dying for the want of him, why should he remain and face the perils of the hour? He gripped his gun hard, the salt tears trickled down his face, and he struggled desperately against his inclination, but at last, with a smothered cry of agony, he dashed his musket on the ground and walked off swiftly thru the darkness. Six days later, footsore and weary, he opened the door of his little cabin on Gum Creek.

Little Violet was dead and had been buried; his frail wife lay delirious with fever. Her mother and another woman were there. Squire Pearson himself was in the war, and few able-bodied men were left to till the soil and mend the broken fortunes of the poor. "Biler Jim" was torn with grief for his buried child, but that in part was soon swallowed up in anxiety for his sinking wife. Two days and nights of incessant care and watching went by, then she opened her eyes and saw his face and smiled. She kissed him once and whispered a faint welcome home, and then sank away into sleep again, a sleep from which she never awakened.

TWO days later she was buried, and the next morning Jim was sitting alone in his cabin, weighed down with sorrow and desolation. The June sunshine came in thru the open door and spread its golden mat upon the floor, the birds whistled merrily in the trees above the house, but he heard and saw nothing.

Presently some horsemen rode up to the door—the Provost Guard searching for deserters. They found him sitting by the little window, his head bent down, his eyes that saw nothing staring at the floor. He had been sitting there for hours. When they accosted him he rose, stiff and dazed, and went to the door. Since he had set his foot upon its threshold five days before he had never remembered what he was; the war, his desertion, his danger, and every obligation save those that drew him to his family, had been driven from his mind. Now he remembered all.

"Boys," he said, "ye mebby know why I come home; but do your juty. I've got nothin' left; they're daid an' buried, an' I am ready to go back an' die. Some on ye used ter know me down in th' sittlemint, an' I take hit ye don't count me much afeard." He turned about and looked at the little room and its humble belongings, a lingering, farewell look, then closed the door and walked down the path, out thru the gate and away with his captors, erect and in coldest silence.

A week afterward a court-martial before Vicksburg tried him, found him guilty, and the sentence was death. No plea could mitigate the penalty, tho the colonel of his regiment and his captain interceded for him, and told of his ex-

Get Back Your Grip On Health

Physician Gives Practical Advice On What To Do To Help Build Up Your Strength, Power and Endurance—Explains

How Organic Iron—Nuxated Iron—Helps Put Renewed Vim and Energy Into the Veins of the Weak, Nervous and Run-down—

Thousands of men and women are impairing their constitutions laying themselves open to illness and literally losing their grip on health simply because their blood is thinning out and possibly starving through lack of iron.

To possess the power, energy and endurance that win the blood should be rich in strength-giving iron. For this purpose physicians below explain why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells often quickly transform the flabby flesh, toneless tissues and pallid cheeks of weak, anæmic men and women into a glow of health. It increases the strength of delicate, nervous, rundown folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

You can tell which people have a firm Grip on Health—Strong Vigorous Folks with Plenty of Iron in their Blood.

In explaining why he regards iron as absolutely essential to the greatest development of physical and mental power, and discussing the probability of building up a stronger race of people by increasing the supply of iron in their blood, Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, says:

"Iron is absolutely necessary to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. Refined foods and modern methods of cooking have robbed us of much of the iron which Nature intended we should receive and for supplying this deficiency and increasing the red blood corpuscles, I know of nothing more effective than organic iron—Nuxated Iron. From a careful examination of the formula and my own test of Nuxated Iron, I feel convinced that it is a preparation which any physician can take himself or prescribe for his patients with the utmost confidence of obtaining highly beneficial and satisfactory results. The fact that Nuxated Iron is today being used by over three million people annually as a tonic, strength and blood-builder, is in itself an evidence of tremendous public confidence and I am convinced, that if others would take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak and run-down it would help make a nation of stronger, healthier men and women."

Commenting on the use of Nuxated Iron as a tonic, strength and blood-builder, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, said:

"Thousands are held back in life for want of sufficient iron in the blood. A weak body means a weakened will power, and like the race horse beaten by a nose, many a capable man or woman falls just short of winning because they don't back up their mentality with the physical strength and energy which come from having plenty of iron in the blood. That irritable twitch, that fit of despondency, that dizzy, fearful feeling—these are the sort of signals nature gives to tired, listless folks when the blood is clamouring for strength-giving iron—more iron to restore the health by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells.

"In my opinion the greatest curse to the health and strength of American people of today is the alarming deficiency of iron in their blood. It is through iron in the red coloring matter of the blood that life-sustaining oxygen enters the body. Without iron there is no strength, vitality and endurance to combat obstacles or withstand severe strains. Lack of sufficient iron in the blood has ruined many a man's nerves and utterly robbed him of that virile force and stamina which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

"Therefore I strongly advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood builder to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had, in some cases, been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron recommended above is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

ceptional bravery and the extenuating circumstances which called him home. His desertion was a signal case of unfaithfulness while guarding an important point, and nothing short of death could make of his infidelity the terrible example which it merited.

"To be shot in the morning at sunrise!" The sentence repeated itself in his brain a thousand times, hammering slowly and sadly like his heart. He seemed not at all moved by emotion or excitement; only a long train of dim forms and faces, places and deeds, conversations and incidents, twining and intertwining with that slowly throbbing horror of words, forever beating their way slowly thru his numbed and weary brain.

At length he lay in a dull drowse, the black words died slowly down to what seemed a line of burning candles, these dwindled slowly and one by one went out; he turned himself upon his side; under his chin and nestling against his neck was the back of baby Violet's downy head; he could feel her tiny comforting body against his breast; he put his arms about her and with a restful murmur of contentment slept.

After a time he stirred; his shoulder and side ached from the hard floor; he opened his arms carefully so that the child might not waken, so strong was the memory of her presence. When he found she was not there he put out his hands to right and left, and touching the hard floor with his fingers burst into broad consciousness.

A cannon boomed not far away. "To be shot at sunrise!" The words smote him like a sheet of flame. He bounded up and for a moment stood trembling. But his two Violets were dead; what did it matter? He walked slowly up and down and dully began picturing the scene of his execution.

What if one of the men should be a comrade, a sharer of former scenes and frolics at home? Would he not avert his head for shame when Jim Pearson was being shot like a truant dog?

This last made his heart leap and his blood burn in his veins. It was the one poignant thorn that pierced and quickened him. He stood still and listened; there was heavy firing along the front. He looked out the little window near the door; lights were moving here and there thru the gloom, and he could hear the muffled tramp of moving columns. From the distant beleaguered city came many noises. Suddenly a great roar of musketry swept from right to left along the lines, then ran roaring back again.

Ah, if he could only go out there and die at the front like a man instead of at sunrise like a dog! His heart beat against his sides like a hammer, shaking him from head to foot. The enemy must be making an assault, attempting to break out thru the ever-tightening lines, and the boys were driving them back! And he was not there, but shut up like a dangerous, hated rat!

He caught hold of the door and wrenched at it; it was fastened. He stood still again and listened. Now and again something fell upon the roof as he remembered hickory nuts used to drop in autumn upon his own cabin from his own trees.

In a moment the solution came to him; spent bullets were falling upon the roof. The Union soldiers must be falling back. "We're getting whipped!" he cried. "God 'amighty, let me outen this so I ken help!"

He tore at the door like a mad thing, then turned and dashed the window into pieces with his naked fist, and leaped out. The gray of coming dawn was stealing over the fields. He looked about him; the guard lay dead near the door, a stray bullet in his brain.

A great hope leaped up in Jim; for the moment his blood ran fire. With eager, trembling fingers he stripped off the dead man's accoutrements and placed them upon himself, and took up the gun. Then a sudden thought staggered him: They would think that he had killed his guard and escaped, and that would be far greater dishonor than all the rest. He stood still a moment, thinking, then turned, and with a few well delivered kicks burst open the door. He entered and brought out the blanket and spread it carefully over the fallen soldier; then placing the gun at shoulder arms, he walked the dead man's beat.

Slowly he paced up and down, guarding his prison and the fallen guard and waiting for the sun to rise. For an hour at least he would be an honorable soldier again, and when the sun rose they would know that "Biler Jim" was true.

THE firing was almost incessant, ebbing from one wing of the army to the other, and horsemen and figures were flying everywhere thru the intermittent flashes of light and gloom, but Jim walked on. Presently streaks of light ran up the east, morning was breaking and the stir and excitement augmented with its advent. Surely a general assault must be on foot. Some saw the solitary sentinel pacing to and fro before the doomed man's hut, but thought nothing strange. Suddenly Jim's colonel, his hand in a sling, came hurrying by, going toward the front. He stopped in astonishment.

"For God's sake, what are you doing, Jim?" he exclaimed.

The condemned man saluted. "Th' guard got shot an' I tuck his place," he said.

The colonel grasped Jim's hand and swore a round oath of amazement and approval.

"Ain't thar goin' t' be a fight this mornin'? Ain't we goin' t' charge, Colonel?" asked Jim, imploringly.

"Yes," said the officer, "we're going to assault right off, but——"

"Oh, let me go! let me go, Colonel!" cried Jim, trembling with haste and eagerness. "Let me die like er man, Colonel! If I ain't killed, I'll come back an' be shot, Colonel. I swear hit to ye! I'll come back an' be shot, shore!"

Something like tears of pity sprang into the officer's eyes. "We're going to charge right off!" was all he said, and "Biler Jim" sprang after him.

Ten minutes later the column swept forward onto the terrible field. They were mown down as with a scythe, and the line wavered, but Jim strode on. Many faces were as white as death, but "Biler Jim's" was flushed with light and color, and he held his head erect. His cap, perched upon the tip of his bayonet, was held aloft, and as he went straight toward the blazing breastworks of the foe, he cried the charge with all his strength. The colonel followed him, sword in hand, cheering the men to victory.

Onward they swept, bearing straight into the pitiless hail. Hundreds fell, but the column rolled against the breastworks like a blue engulfing wave. For a moment it paused there, met a counter-wave of human forms and flame; smoke, filled with blades of fire and struggling shapes, leaped up like froth from two mighty smiting billows; in the midst of it "Biler Jim" was upon the breastworks with clubbed musket and a yell of triumph on his lips; then the blue wave plunged over the earthworks into the open ground with a thousand victorious cries, and seethed like a lapsing breaker.

And there, among the red wreckage, lay "Biler Jim," a strange smile on his upturned face.

* * *

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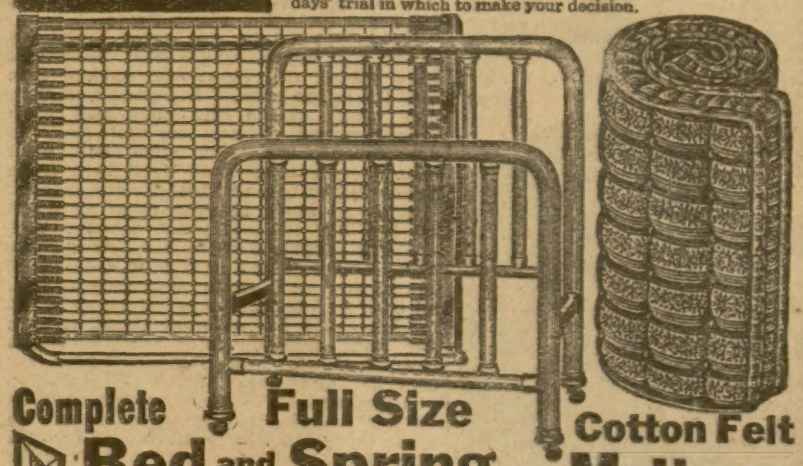

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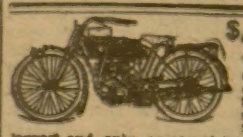

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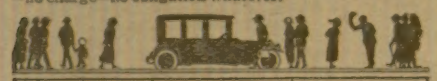

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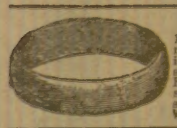

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Stories for the Ledger Boys and Girls

Humpty-Dumpty Had a Great Fall.

NO WONDER Frances Holly was often lonesome; she had no brother and no sister to play with. And, worse still, she didn't even go to school because she had her lessons right in her own house in a beautiful little school room in the third floor. And as tho all that was not enough lonesomeness for one little girl, her mother didn't like dogs—nor cats—nor birds, so, of course Frances couldn't have any pets for playmates.

Frances used to slip away from the great big house where she lived and hide behind the vines and shrubs that made a hedge around her yard and then she would watch the boys and girls laughing and playing on their way to school and wish and wish and wish that she was poor and lived in a little house full of lots of brothers and sisters.

With so much staying close at home all her life it's not much wonder that she was surprised when her father came home one day and said that instead of taking her with them on a trip abroad, as they had planned, they were going to let her spend her summer vacation with her Aunt Jane up in a farm house in New England. Now, Frances had never seen her Aunt Jane. She had seen some pictures and in those Aunt Jane looked very pleasant and her eyes seemed to smile right out of the picture as tho the little lady was very jolly and friendly and not a bit prim like her name. But a little girl feels queer to be going to spend a summer—a whole summer—with somebody she has never seen instead of going on a big boat as she had planned. But Frances hadn't any more than felt a wee tiny bit queer when she happened to remember that her father said "on a farm."

"Is it a regular farm?" she asked hurriedly, "cows and horses, and maybe a dog?"

"Indeed it is a regular farm," laughed her father, "and you should see Aunt Jane's cows and taste her butter! And there are two, or maybe three, horses, but I don't know about dogs. You'll have to wait and see about dogs when you get there."

After that Frances could hardly wait till time to go.

Finally the day for packing came and Frances was delighted to see all the pretty dresses and rompers and bloomers that were packed and to see that the best dresses—all those that had troublesome sashes and had to be kept so carefully—were left at home.

"I expect you'll get to be a regular Tom boy," said Mrs. Holly, as she went thru the room, "but I know Jane and there's not a bit of use sending your best clothes up to her. She'd never take them out of the trunk!"

Then Frances was more eager than ever to go, for she guessed that good jolly playtimes were coming—and she was right, they were!

Frances had a very happy time on the train. The nurse who took her to Aunt Jane's farm was very kind and let her order anything she liked on the diner, so Frances had her favorite potato salad and a big dish of ice cream. Of course, there were other things to go with those two favorites but Frances thought the most about those.

Aunt Jane was at the pretty, vine covered station to meet them, so the nurse went right back to the city on the next train, and Frances and her auntie were left by themselves to get acquainted.

"I'm glad you came on this train," said Aunt Jane, as she deftly turned the auto down the curving station driveway out onto the main road, "because it's about time for the sheep to come down the hill and you'll like to watch them and then, too, I've asked my neighbor's little daughter Amanda for supper and you'll like to know her the very first thing."

Francis Liked to Perch on the Wall.

And Aunt Jane was right; Frances did like Amanda from the very first minute she saw her. Amanda lived at the next farm and she had three sisters and two brothers and a dog, so no wonder she knew lots of nice things to do and to play that Frances had never heard of or thought of in all her life.

The two little girls had such good times together and grew to be fast friends. But one thing Frances never could understand; and that was why Amanda, who had so many pets, should think Frances' little Teddy bear was so wonderful. Amanda liked him so very much; she would hold him and talk to him and dress him up in doll clothes just as tho he was a real pet. Now Frances, for her part, was awfully tired of Humpty—he had been named that from the first because Frances could feel humps in his body where he was stuffed. And she was more than willing to let Amanda play with him in return for a chance to play with Amanda's little dog Jed. Jed was a real pet and barked and had to be fed and snuggled close to his new little friend in a way that went straight to Frances' heart.

One morning the two girls were sitting on the stone wall that was really the fence between the barnyard and the chicken yard at Aunt Jane's. Frances liked to perch up there and watch the chickens scramble for food. And, of course, Jed was with them. He couldn't climb up the wall as the girls could, but they lifted him up. Humpty was even less trouble, for Amanda could climb up and hold him tight in her arms at the same time. They sat there till the chickens were 'most thru their lunch and then Jed got fidgity and wanted to get down.

"I'll take him down," said Frances, eagerly. "I'm not afraid of chickens when they're away over there," she added.

"Oh, I'll come, too," said Amanda, "and I'll leave Humpty up here 'cause we'll come back as soon as we've played with Jed awhile." So she laid Humpty very carefully on top of the wall and scrambled down behind her friend.

But the girls didn't come back again. They played with Jed and then Aunt Jane called them to help freeze some ice cream (and, of course, that meant lick the dasher), and then it was dinner time. And right after dinner a sudden storm blew up and a bit of rain, so it was nearly 5 o'clock before the girls thought of Humpty!

"I'll run and get him," cried Amanda. "I know exactly where I left him."

Both girls ran to the stone wall—but no Humpty was there!

"I guess he had a great fall somehow," said Amanda, sadly, "but where could he have gone to afterward?"

And right at that minute they noticed fighting and scrambling in the turkey family over on one side of the chicken yard. There, in the middle of a group of about fifty of Aunt Jane's fine turkeys lay Humpty. And every turkey seemed to be trying to take a peek at him.

"Shoo-oo-oo!" screamed Amanda, as she slid off the wall and ran over toward the the turkeys waving her arms like a great Dutch windmill as she ran. "Shoo-oo-oo! The turkeys gave one stare and then scattered to the furtherest corners of the yard.

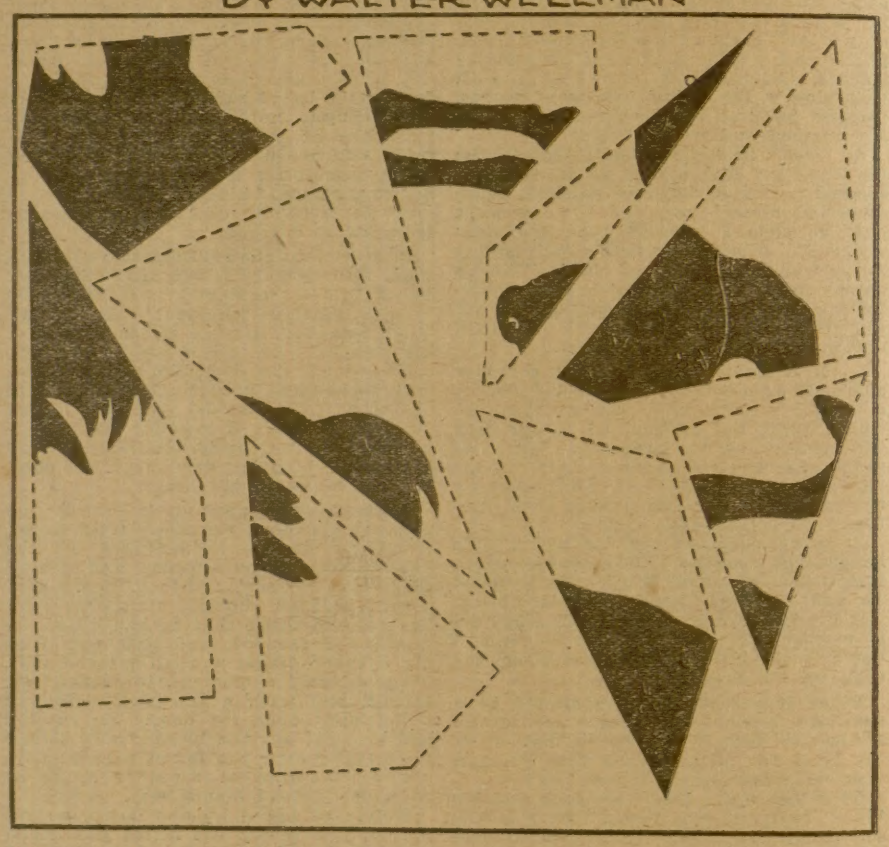
Amanda picked up Humpty, brushed him off and hugged him tight to her.

"He isn't hurt a bit!" she exclaimed breathlessly, "just think! After his fall and being dragged over here and all those turkeys pecking at him!"

But all the same, the girls were very careful to take Humpty with them next time they went off with Jed.

DESERT CUT-OUT

BY WALTER WELLMAN



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500 AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE TO take orders and sell Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound; 300% profit; Enormous repeater. Own your own business. Astounds and delights every woman who uses it. Nothing like it on the market. Splendid proposition for general agents. We grant exclusive territory and absolutely protect our agents. No license required. Free samples furnished to boost sales. We positively guarantee the sale of every package. Our compound is nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Wonderful sales plan furnished free. You cannot fail to make big money. Hurry, hustle, grab this chance. Send for Free sample and proof. Better still, send $1 for 10 full sized packages and samples sent by prepaid parcel post. You will make 100% profit on this small order. Territory going fast. Get busy at once. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 310, 1312-1314 E. 61st., Chicago.

SIDELINE — TRAVELING MEN MAKING small towns, any district, to appoint boy agents to sell our weekly papers The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger; only takes a minute or two to pick out a boy; refreshing not to have something to sell. Very liberal proposition that can make a man from $60 to $80 a month without a cent of expense. No samples to carry. Write us confidentially, giving your route, addresses, etc., etc., and we will send you full particulars. W. D. Boyce Company, 504 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. Maher made $597.50 in June. Nissen $19 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $2,500 a year profit for four average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-144, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—SELL WHAT PEOPLE NEED. Ho-Ro-Co products are in daily demand; toilet articles, soap and household necessities. Guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Profits from 100 to 140 per cent. We help you build a permanent profitable business. Free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co line is well known and firmly established. Exclusive territory; our agents become independent; active selling helps and genuine cooperation given all agents. Write for particulars. Ho-Ro-Co, 125 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS: WE PAY $72 A WEEK TAKING orders for reversible raincoats. Something brand new. Biggest and easiest seller ever introduced. No capital required. You take the orders, we deliver and collect and pay your commission on same day. Every man a prospect. Saves customer over $20. Act quick. Territory going fast. Write for agency. Thomas Raincoat Co., 1711 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: NEW REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. Not sold in stores. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Saves $20. Guaranteed waterproof. Big commission. No capital required. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 209 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful dress goods, silks, hosiery, underwear and general dry goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. L-2, 425 Broadway, New York.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free; Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

DAVIS' LUCKY 'LEVEN SELLING BETTER than ever, $3.35 value sells for $1.25. Mrs. Lewis sold 280 in 7½ days—profit $200. "27" varieties of other big winners. 150%-250% profit. Great crew managers' proposition. E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, Chicago.

AGENTS MAKING $200 WEEKLY! EVERY- one wants it. Formulas for 200 home made beverages, book form. Send $1.00 for copy and territory proposition. Buyers Export Agency, Inc., 487 Broome St., N. Y.

AGENTS—GET A LIVE ONE EVERY housewife buys—Dustless India Fibre Broom—sells $1.25. Big profits. Cambridge Mfg. Co., 549 W. Washington, Dept. V., Chicago.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR OUR NEW SELLING plan introducing "Wonder Values" made-to-measure suits. No experience required. Plan-B. Great Western Tailoring Co., 302 S. Green St., Chicago.

BIG EARNINGS EASY. QUICK SELLING auto specialties. 5 startling inventions. Experience unnecessary. Credit allowed dealers. Wonderful opportunity. Write quick. Desk 120, Jubilee Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS: SOMETHING NEW. WIRELESS guaranteed umbrellas. Adjust new top in minute. Handles collapse to fit suitcase. Other features. Popular prices. Free sample. Parker Mfg. Co., 209 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

DELIGHTFULLY SCENTED SACHET. Quick, profitable seller. Dime brings 3 packets, price list, other good things. Ufert, 64 Bedford St., New York.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

PORTRAIT AND FRAMES, REASONABLE prices and quick service. Rejections credited. Brewer Art Co., Shelbyville, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED (Continued.)

AGENTS: WE START YOU IN SOAP AND toilet goods business, own plan; both make money. Experience unnecessary; particulars free. Brown Chemical Co., 415, St. Louis.

AMERICA'S PART IN THE WORLD WAR, with General Pershing's Introduction; authentic history; colored pictures; big money; outfit free. Lindberg Co., Dickey Building, Chicago.

ATTENTION — DOUBLE YOUR INCOME selling "made to measure" ladies' skirts. Particulars free. R. & B. Mail Order Co., 30 Church St., New York.

BURGLAR PROOF WINDOW LOCKS, spiral curtain rods, broom protectors. Other specialties. Circulars free. Moore Company, 1100 Jerome Ave., Cincinnati.

SELL GLOSSINE HAIR STRAIGHTENER to colored people. Enormous profits. Wonderful seller. American Supply House, 22 Pike, Covington, Ky.

AGENTS—EVERY AUTO OWNER WANTS his gold initials on his car. Easily applied. Samples free. American Monogram Co., Dept. I, East Orange, N. J.

HELP WANTED

$20 TO $35 PER MONTH TO ANY EM- ployed person without interfering with regular work. No selling. No canvassing, positively no investment. Enclose stamp. Northwestern Silver Co., St. Paul, Minn.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANTED: HUNDREDS MEN—WOMEN—18 up. U. S. Government office and outside positions. $1,100 year. Write for list positions now open. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 29, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS WORTHWHILE. I START YOU silvering mirrors, plating tableware; plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS; $110.00 a month to start and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM12. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BECOME AUTO EXPERTS. HUNDREDS needed. $35.00 week. Earn while learning. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 804, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $150-$200 MONTH- ly, all railroads, everywhere, experience unnecessary. Railway Association, Dept. 245, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN-BOYS! BECOME DETECTIVES. Interesting profession. Travel. Operating instructions $1. Emerson Manning, Tappahannock, Va.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200. Colored porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- unity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book, explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Publishing House, Tilton, N. H.

WOMEN MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING Priscilla Fabrics—Hosiery—Underwear, spare time. Everyone buys Fitzcharles' guaranteed goods, success assured. Beautiful samples, complete instructions. We furnish everything. H. Fitzcharles Company, Trenton, New Jersey.

U. S. GOVERNMENT NEEDS HUNDREDS women, 18 up. Census work. $1,000-$1,600 year. Pleasant office work. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 27, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE- paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—5 BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

BECOME EXPERT DRESS DESIGNERS. Design your own gowns. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 854, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOV'T. POSITIONS ARE DESIRABLE. $1,000-$1,200 to start. Let our expert (Former Government Examiner) prepare you Free Booklet B. Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BRANCH MANAGER WANTED BY OLD ES- tablished Chicago concern. We furnish full stock of goods, advertising matter, and equip store completely, in good location, all at our expense. We allow you to draw out $175 a month and will also pay you liberal share of the profits your store earns. Work may be started in spare time. No investment or previous experience necessary. If you are a hustler and want an opportunity to make $5,000 or more a year, we want you, and will pay you well from the start. Send your application today. S. Levy, Manager Dept. 399—329 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

OIL LEASES, STATE OF TEXAS. SAFEST, most profitable end of oil business. Leases now selling at an average of $3,000.00 an acre could have been bought a few months ago as low as $10.00 an acre. Drilling for oil is general over State and lease-values soaring. Get good leases and hold for big profit. State lands now being leased at low prices in sections where geological structure indicates future oil pools. Write today for description, free maps, and prices. Address Stateland Lease Ass'n, 307 Beatty Bldg., Houston, Texas.

SALESMEN, AGENTS, HUSTLERS — WE pay you $25.00 each for the first two demonstrations. "Ford-A-Tractor" converts any Ford into practical farm tractor. Guaranteed work of four horses. Hundreds of farmers use them. Also Belt Power Unit makes any auto a 1 to 19 h. p. stationary engine in a minute's time. Supplants $300 to $400 gas engine. Guaranteed no damage to car. Our agents make $300 to $800 per month. Permanent business. Only small capital necessary. American "Ford-A-Tractor" Co., 607 Kasota Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU READ The Texas Investor. Gives concise, reliable, up-to-date information and facts about most wonderful developments and fortune-making in history of Texas oil, and explains one particular opportunity in which investors should reap tremendous returns; published by practical oil operator and tells how and where to invest for greatest safety and quick results. Write for free trial subscription. C. C. Cannan, Publisher, 739 Scanlan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

DO YOU WANT $2,000 A YEAR WITHOUT work, worry or inconvenience? Then have us plant, develop and continue to cultivate a five acre fig orchard for you. We harvest your fruit; purchase it; and then divide the profits from preserving and selling with you. Offer limited. $5.00 starts you. Our Free Book tells all. Write for it today. Gulf Coast Fig Orchards Ass'n., 833 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

SILVER MINES MAKING MILLIONAIRES through small investments. Address Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

BIG MONEY MAKER FOR YOU! SEND name on postal for details. No canvassing. Smedley, 141 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, blood, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis Minn.

ONE'S ENOUGH—EDS ROCHELLE SALT in tablets. A safe and natural sugar coated laxative to take at bedtime or before breakfast with little water. Relieves all ailment caused by constipation and lazy liver. Generous trial package by mail 10 cts. Andula Medicine Co., Troy, N. Y.

BALM-ETTE TABLETS FOR INDIGESTION. No better medicine made by anybody anywhere. You will be charmed with their effect. 25c a package. Free sample mailed on application. Balm-ette Laboratory, 322 So. State St., Chicago.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WANTED — STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Typed or handwritten MSS acceptable. Send MSS. Woman's National Magazine, 893, Washington, D. C.

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

MEN

GET VITAL STRENGTH. RETAIN YOUTH- ful vigor. Wonderful results. Intensely interesting booklet free. Winslow D. Chase, Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG-WRITERS MANUAL AND GUIDE sent free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

WRITE A SONG—LOVE, MOTHER, HOME, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 219 Reaper Block, Chicago.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

5,000 YARDS OF SILK MUST BE SOLD. Five yards of any color only one dollar. C. M. H. Mfg. Co., 1059 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROY- alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

MAKE MONEY FAST. START "MOVIE" theater with small capital. Buy complete outfit on easy payments. Openings everywhere. No experience required. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. BS, Ellsworth Building, Chicago.

SMALL CAPITAL BUYS GUARANTEED professional moving picture machine. Complete outfits on easy payments. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Theatre Supply Service, Dept. B., 420 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS

GERMANY'S NAVAL SURRENDER, 15 photographic views of the Hun Surrender in the North Sea. Price $1.00 postpaid. S. Caillouet, Box 1612, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

PATENTS PROMPTLY PROCURED. PER- sonal, careful, and efficient service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send sketch or model for actual search and advice. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 20X Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS — SEND SKETCH OF YOUR invention for advice regarding patent protection. Twenty years' experience. Handbook on Patents sent free. Talbert & Talbert, Patent Lawyers, 427S Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PERSONAL

HEIRS WANTED — INFORMATION FOR heirs wanted. The war has made many new heirs, investigate. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," dating 1772 to recent date, alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send $1 (one dollar) at once for 400-page cloth-bound book. Established 1881. International Claim Agency, Dept. 23, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK run down conditions should taken Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE through lost vigor can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

MEN — SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY—WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk 10, Marshall, Mich.

"CLASSY PICTURES" — REAL PHOTO- graphs from life, (all girls) in daring poses. Pocket size. Dozen, $1; thirty, $2; two samples 25c. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

BEAUTIFUL, FASCINATING ART PIC- tures for decorating dens, club-rooms, etc. Characteristic poses of bathing girls, models, etc. 6x8 inches. Price, 15 for $1. Sobshak Bros., Dunning, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY, worth $1,000 to $500,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

MARRY — THOUSANDS LONELY PEOPLE; all ages; worth $5,000 to $400,000; will marry; write for my list; Free. Ralph Hyde, 253a-41 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—BEST PLAN, HUNDREDS RICH, confidential, reliable. Lists and descriptions free. Unity, E-3, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLI- cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

BOOKS FOR MEN — ALSO PICTURES. Catalog free. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

THREE BEAUTY BATHING GIRL POCKET pictures and illustrated catalog 12c. Star Novelty Co., Logansport, Ind.

IF YOU WISH A PRETTY AND WEALTHY wife, write me. Stamped envelope for reply. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, O.

LONELY MAIDEN, 27, WOULD MARRY. Write for picture. Box 150B, Syracuse, N. Y.

Ruptured?—

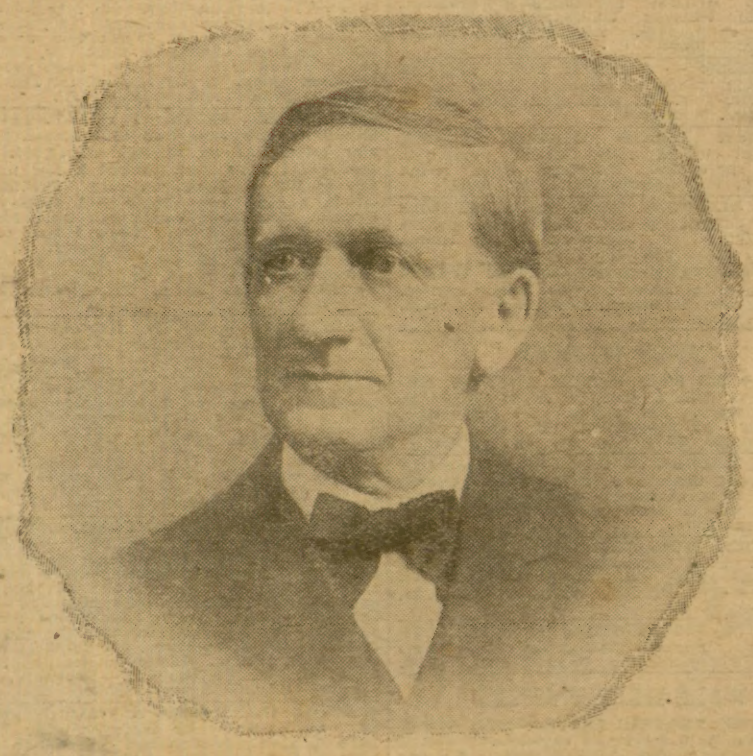
Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture Is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

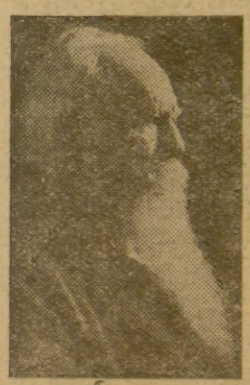
We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.



The Above Is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

Soundly Cured

At the Age of 81



Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Less than a year ago I sent to you for an appliance which came promptly. I at once put it on and it fitted perfectly. I have worn the appliance not quite 10½ months. **It has cured my rupture.**

I tried the other day while the appliance was off, to see if I could force anything out of the opening to make a break there but I could not though I tried hard.

Now I think this quite remarkable as I am in my eighty-first year. I am an old veteran of the Civil War, born and raised in the town of New Boston, State of New Hampshire, from which place I enlisted in the 10th N. H. Vol. Inft. in Co. C, commanded by Col. M. T. Donahue.

I cannot feel but that I owe you this testimony, for I had never expected to be cured. However, thanks be to God I found a cure through the valuable appliance you made for me.

Your friend,
Holly Hill, Fla. E. A. Richards.

Cured Without Operation

"Was Sure He Would Be a Cripple"

Ada, Minn.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Enclosed is a picture of my children, and the little man you see seated on the chair is the one who was cured by your Appliance.

He had been ruptured quite a while before we wrote you, and I was sure that he would be a cripple the rest of his life. However, some helping hand showed me an ad. in a newspaper, with the result that he was in perfect health through the wearing of a Brooks Appliance for just three months.

The doctor advised an operation, which I would not consent to. Your advice was to put an Air Cushion Appliance on him, and I must say that it is worth ten times what it cost.

I wish you could have seen him before we used the Appliance and now, when he is fully as sound as anyone could be.

I cannot thank you too much for what you have done for my boy.

Yours respectfully,
OLIVER HANSON.

Cured in Three Months

Salem, Ohio.
430 Cleveland Ave.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Mr. Brooks:—

I am sending you a small picture of my son who is now five years old.

We ordered your Appliance for him when he was only two months old, and yet want to say in about three months all signs of rupture were gone, and he is some boy today.

I shall be very glad to say a good word for you whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Yours very truly,
T. A. McCLAIN.

Veteran Cured

Mr. Wm. McAdams, of Kansas, Ill., is a veteran of Co. "H" 59, Regt. Ill. Vol. of which he was Second Lieutenant.

He has fought against the suffering and torment of Rupture for years and has finally won the victory, as the following brief letter tells:

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—I laid your appliance aside March 2nd and have not worn it for twenty-five days, for I think that I am cured. I hope that I may never have to wear it again.

Yours truly,
Wm. McAdams, Sr., Kansas, Ill.

Doctor Pronounces Him Cured

119 Towle Avenue,
Mishawaka, Ind.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Mr. Brooks:—

Answering your letter, will say we need no more Appliances, as our son has been completely cured by wearing your Appliance.

We recently had him examined, and the doctor said the opening was entirely closed and that it wasn't necessary to wear it longer.

Thanking you for your kindness. I am,
Yours very truly,
MRS. H. TOLLMAN.

Remember

We send our Appliance on trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventons have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
316 H State St., Marshall, Michigan

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

R. F. D. ..... City ..... State .....